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CURRENT COMMENT.

SOME people do not understand very well the workings of international finance, but here is an explanation which we think will make everything clear: Our overseas trade is threatened with paralysis, but the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation and most everybody else have agreed that to avert such a catastrophe we must lend our money to our European brethren so that they may buy things from us. The more we lend, the more they will spend and consequently the more we can afford to lend. We can even lend them the money they owe to each other. If they should by any chance attempt to pay us back, we can clap a big tariff on their goods and put a stop to that sort of thing. Exchange will be more and more in our favour and we shall get richer and richer, until in time we shall be able to afford to lend Europe the money with which to pay us back its war-debts.

EUROPE in the hands of Allied politicians is reminiscent of Gulliver, tied to the earth by the innumerable bonds of the busy Lilliputians. If there is one achievement with which history will unquestionably credit Mr. Lloyd George, M. Briand *et al*, it is that of having made several tariff-barriers grow where none grew before. These gentlemen have so tied up the unfortunate continent of Europe with tariffs that industry is languishing, not to say moribund, in most of its territories. At present they are setting up the threatened tariff-lines on both sides of the Rhineland, a procedure which will net them the resentment of the inhabitants and a possible 150 million gold marks per annum: a return of doubtful value, one would think, especially when one considers the French ambition, long since revealed, to alienate the Rhineland from the rest of the German Empire. Then, too, there appears no valid reason to expect that the exaction by foreigners of duties on both their exports and their imports will so stimulate the industry of the Rhinelanders that they will be in any imminent danger of working themselves to death.

THE invading troops are now reported to be encroaching further and further upon the Ruhr basin; and there are rumours of a French sentiment in favour of the occupation of the entire district and indeed of all Germany. This is quite in line with the policy which has been adopted. Having once started a collection-expedition

into Germany, why should the Allies stop short of invading the entire country in the effort to find the billions they demand? Why indeed should they not establish a martial regime and force the German workers to produce for them, if they can? They will find plenty of popular backing for such a policy; public opinion in all countries will approve any insane extravagance these days. We should wish them joy of their undertaking, which we think they might not find a cheap or easy one. But more particularly, we should wish to be on hand to watch the fun when they come to disposing of their convict-made goods in their own countries and elsewhere.

MEANWHILE there are indications that the result which any one possessing the sense he was born with would expect to follow the fifty per cent levy on German sales in Allied countries, is likely to be realized: there will be no sales. The German Government is resolved not to make good this loss to German merchants; German merchants themselves abet and encourage the Government in this resolution; therefore, German industry will simply look for other markets; and unfortunately for the Allied plans, there are other markets to which it may turn. It will no doubt, as we suggested last week, turn with profit to the Russian market, where the exchange-rate is greatly in its favour. The boycott against trade with Allied countries has already begun, and German banks are refusing to accept French and British checks. The Deutsche Bank, Reichsbank, Discontogesellschaft and all the other large banks of Germany have simply stopped doing business with the English and French banks. In short, the signs of a big return, either material or moral, on the fifty per cent sales-tax are not distinctly encouraging.

THE effect of the invasion on our own trade has been depressing. It has dashed the hopes of our farmers to market their grain in the needy countries of Central Europe, and has sent the price of wheat tumbling to new depths. It has also spoiled arrangements already made by certain copper-interests to open trade-relations with Germany. In short, it has shut American traders out of a promising foreign market at a time when foreign markets are scarce. Probably no American business man will care to take the chance of having his goods confiscated at German ports of entry; nor will any German firm be likely to pay high tariffs on American goods while there are other countries with which he can trade without that handicap; not to mention the uncertainty whether this Government might not decide at any moment to turn itself into a collection-agency for the Allies, with some last forlorn hope of getting part of the money they owe it.

THIS country is really in a bad way where foreign markets are concerned, partly because the rate of exchange is greatly to the disadvantage of foreigners buying here, and partly because of the inveterate stupidity of our Government. It may be remembered that the Soviet Government of Russia was very desirous to open trade with us. It had an enormous market to offer, and it was ready—as few countries have been for several years—to pay for its purchases in gold. But our Government would have none of its trade; and now it looks very much as though our merchants, when they finally get to Russia, will be met by British or German or Scandinavian brokers, who will have established themselves there as

agents for the commodities our traders want to buy. In short, it looks as if the country which saved the Allied cause and footed several billion dollars' worth of Allied bills, has allowed itself to be crowded out of most of the commercial openings that came after the war.

A WEEK ago, all the Elizars of Bolshevism were racing across the ice toward Asia, with "the outraged Russian people" snapping at their heels. Thus the show started off very well indeed, but the appearance of England as a rescuing hero, and the sudden stoppage of the bloodhounds, led many members of the audience to consider that the performance ended in an anti-climax; but perhaps these disappointed spectators will not be so eagerly expectant of a tragic *dénouement* next time. From the fact that the Anglo-Russian trade-agreement was signed on the day before the fall of Kronstadt, they may now learn just what measure of importance official England put on this latest and flimsiest of counter-revolutions.

THE signing of this trade-agreement either involves recognition, or it does not. Although the political value of the agreement to the Soviet Government will be very great in either case, the practicability of conducting any considerable amount of trade under the new terms seems to depend upon the temper of the British courts. At the moment, the ruling opinion in this matter is that delivered last December by Justice Roche. Here it was held that the acts of the unrecognized Soviet Government had no legal status in England, and that, by consequence, goods confiscated by the Soviet authorities and shipped to England were still the rightful property of their original owners. The legal disability of the Soviet Government to maintain in England the title to property confiscated in Russia naturally extends also to the power of Soviet agents to execute contracts in England and to have them enforced in English courts. Thus with its property-rights subject to abrogation in the courts, and its contract-rights ineligible for maintenance there, the Soviet Government is hardly in a position to withstand any legal or illegal attacks upon its foreign trade-monopoly.

THIS condition of affairs is the natural corollary of the theory that a given Government can do nothing until its neighbour-Governments recognize its sovereign right to do everything. In the new trade-agreement Great Britain recognizes the right of the Russian Government to do certain specific things, and these only. This is something new in diplomacy, and the courts must deport themselves accordingly. With the doctrine of the indivisibility of sovereignty for their guide, they may hold that partial recognition must amount to complete recognition, or to no recognition at all; or again they may hold that the Soviet Government may legally exercise any powers necessary for the conduct of trade under the new treaty. For our own part, we are hoping that economic pressure will squeeze out the decision first named. We are not for indivisible sovereignty, but we should like to see the sovereignty of Russia divided among the functional organizations of that country, and not between the Government at Moscow and the other one at London.

LAST week this paper commented, not too seriously, upon the request of Russian ex-patriots that American supplies be forwarded to the anti-Bolsheviks who were trying to shoot up the city of Petrograd. We expected that this request would be without result, not because we doubted the ill intentions of some of our American alms-givers, but because we thought the fracas at Kronstadt would not last long enough to give our gentry a chance to mobilize. We were wrong, and we apologize to the American Red Cross for any reflections our private thought may have cast upon the thoroughness of its preparations and the quickness of its response—when the proper stimulus is applied. We had hardly gotten our little paragraph into type, when dispatches yielded the information that supplies from the storehouses of the American Red Cross at Viborg, Finland, had already reached Kronstadt. This

is admirable. It shows that for some part of this winter of starvation, stores of food provided by American charity have been held in readiness just beyond the borders of Russia, not for the provisioning of the Russian people, but for the promotion of counter-revolution. The Society of Friends could have distributed these supplies in Petrograd, but the work was not for their doing. The Red Cross waited while the people starved; and then at last, when some discontented sailors took it into their heads to shell the depopulated city, the supplies advanced to the rioters' relief. If this is not intervention, what is it?

ON the authority of a person who ought to know what he is talking about, this paper learns that one of the anti-Bolshevik statements recently pushed out from Washington is worth rather less than the market-price. The particular bit of publicity referred to was a very superior article, bearing as an *imprimatur* the union-label of the American Federation of Labour; but it appears now that it was nothing more than an advance release of an editorial from the current issue of the *Federationist*. Although this is not exactly the same thing as an official bull of the A. F. of L., there is good reason for believing that the statement represents the sentiments of most of the holders of high office in labour-circles; in fact a conference of such persons, recently held in Washington, found time to take a pot-shot at the Bolsheviki, one and several. All this very conveniently confuses domestic Red rioting with Russian trade, and makes it doubly difficult for anyone to get at the disposition of the rank and file of organized labour. The American Labour Alliance for Trade Relations with Russia has tried to do something sensible in this line; and recently the secretary of this organization has supplied us with an impressive list of more than 250 national, city-central, and local labour-bodies which have already taken the trouble to pass resolutions demanding the opening of trade-relations with Russia. Since these bodies include something like two million members, the right of Mr. Gompers to speak here for "American labour" is open to question.

IN some quarters it is said that the Turkish-Persian-Chinese programme of Soviet Russia is the manifestation of a new imperialism. According to this argument, Russia's surrender of her old concessions has the same object as England's enlargement of her new ones—the extension of influence among the backward peoples. There is a certain amount of truth in this analogy, and a larger amount of error. Admittedly, the Soviet Government is not at the moment in a position to enforce the Asiatic policy of the Tsar, even if the authorities at Moscow so desired. For one reason or another, England has also surrendered certain privileges in the East. We can not know what the Bolsheviki would do, if they had power enough to do as they please; but everybody knows what the English would do, for they are doing it right now, wherever they can. England has surrendered reluctantly, where she had to, leaving bitter enemies behind; the Bolsheviki have given up much more, and always with a splendid flourish of generosity. So long as England extends her influence by foreclosing mortgages, and Russia by burning them up, the Asiatics will doubtless prefer the new imperialism to the old.

THE conclusion of a definitive treaty between the Soviet Government and the Turkish National Assembly reminds us once more that the great war and the Russian revolution did not put an end to the rivalry of Russia and Great Britain in the East. It is true that Russia is bound by her new trade-agreement with England to refrain from making propaganda in British Asia, as well as in certain regions never yet wholly British, except in the fond dreams of English imperialist statesmen. Persia and Asia Minor are among the areas that England seeks thus to protect from revolutionary influence, and the Russians for their part can well afford to stop the shipment of pamphlets and *provocateurs* into these countries. As long

as the Soviet Government has the power and the will to offer to the backward peoples such terms as those embodied in the consummated agreements with Persia and Turkey, and the proposed treaty with China, all King George's horses and all his men can not stop the spread of Russian influence in Asia. When India hears that the Bolsheviks have surrendered all the old Tsarist privileges in Turkey, pamphleteering will be superfluous and propaganda will take care of itself.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is being left in splendid isolation. Two of his staunchest friends, the *Observer*, and Mr. Philip Kerr, dropped away last week, and now Mr. Bonar Law has stood from under, and dispatches which come in as we go to press say yet again that the British Cabinet is "approaching a crisis." At this distance it looks as though Mr. Lloyd George were about at the end of his tether at last, and we say it reluctantly and with profound regret, hoping against hope that it is not true. By giving his country as unprincipled and vicious a Government as could reasonably be expected of any man, Mr. Lloyd George has done a truly excellent service in undermining the inveterate confidence of his countrymen in political institutions. We have always hoped and still hope that he may be long spared to continue this most useful and beneficent work; for we know of no one in England who has anything approximating his peculiar qualifications for carrying it on. Mr. Wilson, who was similarly gifted, made an excellent beginning with the education of this people; but only a beginning, unfortunately. Mr. Lloyd George has done better, by the force of circumstances which prolonged his lease of political life; and if he could by some miracle hold on about five years more, he might be counted on, we think, to round out and finish his job most admirably.

THE British Premier, it is said, inclineth to let the Egyptians go; at least he will if he takes the advice of Lord Milner, whose report on the state of Egypt has just been published. There are some admirable discoveries in this effort: Egyptian independence "can not be postponed"; "the spirit of Egyptian nationalism can not be extinguished"; British policy must be "to restore the Government of Egypt by Egyptians," without an "excessive number of timorous restrictions which would obscure the principle of Egyptian independence." This is excellent advice: Lord Milner's little trip up the Nile seems to have been extremely enlightening. It would be a good plan if now, while his Lordship is in a receptive mood, he would go on a visit to Ireland and then present to his Government this same report, merely changing the words Egypt and Egyptians to Ireland and Irish—and after Ireland, a report on India with the same adaptations might be looked for. Lord Milner, of all men, has discovered an excellent formula, and as everybody knows, in such cases there is much virtue in formulae.

THE firm attitude displayed by the State Department towards the Republic of Panama has the endorsement of the League of Nations, which is a great comfort to Mr. Secretary Hughes, no doubt, as it is to us. Probably there is no American citizen who does not breathe freer and hold his head higher on account of this certification. We should like to call the attention of the League of Nations to another little matter, which is the tarring of the State organizer and the State secretary of the Farmer's Non-partisan League in Barton County, Kansas, and the deportation of ex-Senator Burton and Professor Wilson from the town of Great Bend. This was the work of a mob of enthusiasts for law and order, to the number of 200 or more, "many of them members of the American Legion" according to a special dispatch to the *New York Times*. The League of Nations has not been doing much to earn its living lately, so we do not feel that we are proposing to overburden it when we recommend this incident to its consideration. Perhaps Viscount Bryce may also be interested, if he contemplates bringing out another edition of his work on the American

Commonwealth. His investigations into similar happenings in Belgium during the war would enable him to treat this little matter with authority and competence.

THE proposal made by some of the packers to democratize their plants "with a view to making real co-operation possible" has been received by labour-leaders with hoots of derision. One of these, Mr. Dennis Lane, calls attention to the fact that the packers have "cut wages and working conditions arbitrarily." Well, something of the sort seemed bound to follow the arbitrary action of the public in deciding, from motives of economy, to consume less food. When the value of food-stocks fell as it did some six or eight weeks ago, any trade unionist in the country might have known what would happen to wages and working conditions in the packing industry. Trade unionists seem to think that capitalists can work industrial miracles. Even when markets are dead, values fallen and prices shrunken, they somehow expect to retain all the advantages gained in a time of roaring trade.

THE thing is impracticable, even for a capitalist Joshua. For the *n*th time, capitalists and labour-leaders are now shown up as oblivious to the fact that the problem is not local nor inherent in a particular industry. Seven years of saving democracy from the Hun has brought most of us, the world over, to the edge of starvation; and in America, labour and capital alike are suffering from a commercial epidemic that is universal. The high-priced dollar has done its work. Meanwhile the labour-leaders can think of nothing better to do than to fuss about a peddling little proposition emanating from the packers—a proposition which has some good features about it, no bad features as far as we can discern, and relatively most unimportant. We are taxed to the tune of about \$450 million a year to offset the interest that Europe owes us on our loans; and the "best minds" at Washington are at odds whether to make a fiscal beginning with taxation or the tariff. No labour-leader ever opens his head on these matters. Does one ever hear Mr. Gompers or Mr. Lane protest against a tariff on goods that might be sent here from Europe in payment of interest on our loans? Does it seem to concern them, in short, whether the present purchasing power of the dollar be raised or lowered? Never a bit.

If Mr. Lane is now sad because the packers have "cut wages and working conditions arbitrarily," he will be sadder still when the Government puts the finishing touches on trade-depression by the imposition of a higher tariff and the sale of more paper for the redemption of national loans. Meanwhile, though there is nothing millennial about the proposals of the packers, there would be something gained by putting them into effect. Labour could learn something about managerial technique—buying, selling and manufacturing; and capital could learn something about the intimate problems of labour. What is needed is that labour and capital should learn that their troubles are fundamentally the same, and that ninety per cent of them are caused by the parasite that battens upon the industry of both labour and capital in fat years and in lean years alike—the landlord. Proposals like those of the packers might conceivably tend, if ever so little, towards such knowledge. Leadership like that of Mr. Lane and Mr. Gompers tends straight away from it.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

KING LOG BEGINS HIS REIGN.

THE course of empire now lies through the doldrums, and on this side of the water especially, there is very little doing in public affairs. At Washington the great quadrennial season of pie-hunting and plum-gathering is on, and everything else has had to give way to the joy of these elevated pursuits. Hordes of deserving Republicans who, like Mr. Ballou's horses, have become "bituminous from long deprivation" during the eight lean years, have swarmed down on the Capitol with no other topic of conversation in stock except pie, plums and plum-pie. These matters, which are nearly if not quite the most important that an Administration has to attend to, will shortly be out of the way; and meanwhile everything else must wait.

Thus the correspondent and the commentator are reduced to mere speculation about the attitude of the Administration towards issues of the day. This is no great loss to the reading public, because unquestionably the Administration has no clearer idea of its own attitude than outsiders have. One man's guess is as good as another's—including Mr. Harding himself—about the Administration's attitude towards anything. It is probably by nature and intention as reactionary an Administration as the country ever had; McKinley's Administration might perhaps race it neck and neck, but we are not sure. It is also as stupid and unintelligent as any, even including the last one. The average of intelligence in the legislative and executive branches of the present Government is about as low as can conveniently be had. The inference seems reasonable therefore that in any given set of circumstances, Mr. Harding's Administration will be as stupid as possible and as reactionary as possible; but beyond this, any prediction is uncertain.

For our own part, we should not be at all surprised if the Administration, in spite of its stupidity and its reactionary character, turned out to be as amenable in practical affairs as any in our history. In other words, the limitations put by circumstances upon the scope of stupidity and Toryism are quite close and definite. The tariff is a case in point. In his speeches, Mr. Harding has abundantly shown that his heart is in the right place. He has set forth and reiterated in as good a style as he could muster, the fine old commonplaces of protectionism. Last Saturday, without any attempt at taking up the challenge laid down by his predecessor in vetoing the emergency-tariff bill, he spoke out for a short and simple tariff on food-stuffs. Our impression is that this is about as far as he or his Congress will get with formulating in practice the cardinal doctrine of Republicanism. They may not, possibly, get even so far; for it is already quite well known that we are just on the turn of becoming a food-importing country. A tariff, however, is still pretty good bait for farmers, and it is possible that, for a few years yet, enough political capital can be made out of a tariff on food-products to make it worth while. But while Mr. Harding and his Congress may be obstinate enough in their unintelligent Toryism to make a strong general return to the protectionist principle, it seems to us highly improbable that they will muster the grit to do so.

Those who are behind Mr. Harding's Administration, those "best minds" whose influence is more or less surreptitiously exercised and does not appear in print, have seen a first-class exhibit of the typical post-war reactionary political power at work in the Gov-

ernments of Great Britain and France, and their practical sense may warn them that there can be too much of a good thing. While it is of course conceivable that in its foreign policy, the Administration may follow out the general line of Mr. Wilson's complaisance towards European imperialism, we again think it extremely unlikely. We can imagine Mr. Harding putting up a pretty stiff resistance to the blandishments, say of M. Viviani, and in the card-player's parlance, "rapping for a show-down." We can even imagine him calling M. Viviani's attention to the gross and scandalous farce of French taxation, and demanding that France and Great Britain forthwith issue bonds for their indebtedness to this country, even though it involved, as it would certainly in the case of France, putting a mortgage upon the soil of their land. In the affairs of this hemisphere, however, circumstances indicate that the Administration's native qualities will be encouraged to find full and free play; and if reports are to be trusted, it has already begun business in the logical direction—southward—with commendable promptness and energy.

But, we say again, guess-work is a free field. The only postulates that can be laid down absolutely, relate to the native stupidity and Toryism of the Administration. How nearly impenetrable this stupidity may prove, how obdurate may be the resistance of this Toryism to the force of circumstances, can not be forecasted in any given case. Our guess is that they will be surprisingly amenable, that in a great many matters of importance they will listen to reason. We base this guess upon the assumption, which we think well founded, that in surveying the prospects of the country, the Administration and its advisers are uneasy, puzzled, depressed, unsure of themselves and rather more than a little scared. This may of course only bring out their native qualities in excess and sweep them into the imbecile Rake's Progress taken by other Governments of like character, such as those of France and England. Since such an outcome would enhance the widespread cynical distrust of political institutions, it might in the long run be for the best. But our own expectation is that the Administration will follow the part of prudence and caution and be governed rather implicitly by the first law of nature.

LENIN AT THE CROSSROADS.

Is it possible that the practical Lenin has learned so soon what it took the theoretical Marx so long to discover, that "the expropriation of the mass of the people from the soil forms the basis of the capitalist mode of production"? It looks very much like it; and if Captain Francis M'Cullagh's dispatches to the New York *Herald* contain authentic accounts of the proceedings at the recent Communist Congress in Moscow, then the world may take it that a greater revolution has been occurring there lately than the one which put an end to the Romanov dynasty. Captain M'Cullagh quotes Mr. Arthur Ransome, who was present at the proceedings of the Congress, as saying that the decision of the Congress marked one of the greatest turning-points in the Russian Revolution. Mr. Ransome is a trustworthy and shrewd observer of international affairs; besides, he was never afflicted with socialist or communist notions. From the report in the New York *Herald* of the interview which Mr. Ransome gave to Captain M'Cullagh, it seems that the Soviet Government has split on the rock of the peasant's opposition, and that Lenin has been forced by economic conditions to realize that the proposals and

conceptions of Marxian socialism are utterly impracticable, beginning as they do with the secondary and tertiary forms of production: "Lenin," Mr. Ransome said, "not only recognizes the need of bringing big capitalists into Russia from America, from England and from Germany, but also that he needs to make his peace with the little capitalists at home"; here is a reference to the multitude of peasant proprietors of Russia which is as striking as it is revealing when one remembers that Lenin is a Marxian and therefore believes that capital is the means of exploiting labour.

This move of Lenin's towards the land-question does not surprise us, for we have pointed out repeatedly that the opposition of the peasants to Marxism would present a far more difficult problem to the Government at Moscow than any amount of intervention. Lenin admits "it is necessary, first, to satisfy the small agriculturist," and he hopes to do this by two methods: "first, by certain freedom of trade and freedom for the small private proprietor, and secondly, by obtaining for him goods for his products." This admission of the necessity of competition, coming as it does from a Marxian, is of great significance; and Lenin now desires greater independence for the peasant co-operative societies, and the abolition of the State monopoly of wheat, believing "it is best from the point of view of socialism." Moreover, during these hard years of his apprenticeship at governing a great country, Lenin has undoubtedly learned the lesson that "it is necessary to use a system of taxation and free trade."

All this points directly to the land-problem and shows how far he has travelled along the road of fundamental economics since he became dictator of the proletariat. He is sound enough to suit Cobden himself when he says that "free trade would be a stimulus to the peasant to increase his acreage sown in crops and to extend his industry." In making this fundamental change in policy he imagines that "there is a difference between Russian capitalists who control the Government and foreign capitalists who do not control the Government." He may have had his tongue in his cheek when he said this; if not, one hopes he may realize before it is too late that the political power of foreign capitalists will depend entirely on the system of taxation he considers necessary. If it takes the full monopoly-value of the concessions he has granted, then all will be well; but if it be a system of free trade such as England supported for the fifty years before the outbreak of the war, he must look out for a land-coalition formed by the foreign capitalists and the little capitalists at home; acting not, however, as owners of capital, but as proprietors of the land of Russia. The free exchange of goods is not enough, of course, to ensure full freedom of trade; only the carrying out of the full Cobdenite policy will do that; the taxation of all land-values.

The one outstanding fact of the situation is this: Lenin must go to the root of the land-question if he would save Russia from the grip of a landed proprietary as Tory as that in France. Perhaps he now realizes to the full what power a vast class of peasant-proprietors can wield over a Government. France's experience in this respect should be an open book to him, advising him how he can steer clear of the difficulties which beset the French people, and indicating in unmistakable terms how necessary it is to set up a system of taxation that appropriates economic rent, one which leaves to the producer the full value of his toil.

THE CONTROL OF THE SHOP.

FROM the arguments adduced by organized labour and by the employers to support their respective positions in the controversy over the open shop, it would appear that neither side clearly understands the fundamentals of the labour-question. Lacking this understanding, the employers have recourse to moralistic arguments, the labour unions to arguments of expediency and necessity. The effect of the controversy on the auditor is something akin to that which might be produced by a heated discussion of present European conditions with both sides carefully ignoring the historical fact that there had been a war and a peace conference.

In a debate on the open shop, conducted along these lines, the spokesman for the employers certainly has the initial advantage. In the term "open shop" there is an implication of freedom, of an absence of prejudice or discrimination, which gives it a very attractive sound. The term "closed shop," on the other hand, implies discrimination against non-union men: it implies compulsory union membership as the condition upon which workers shall exercise their means of livelihood. The employers' representative makes effective use of this fact. He declares that the idea of the closed shop is contrary to those great American principles of liberty and equality which are always useful for platform purposes. He declares that the unions have no more right to force men to join their ranks than the employer has to say that his employees shall not be union members. He draws an inspiring picture of the open shop, with union and non-union men working side by side on equal terms. He dilates upon the tyranny exercised by the unions, upon their ruthless treatment of the man who does not wish to surrender his freedom by becoming a member, and of the man whom the union has refused to accept. He cites their ruinous demands upon employers and their use of the weapon of boycott against those firms which dare to ignore their dictates. In short, he is able to make out a very attractive case.

The spokesman for organized labour is likely to agree that the open shop as described by his opponent sounds very well; but he will contend that the open shop as it really exists is not at all like that. The open shop that the employers of the country are trying to establish is a shop open only to non-union men; the real object of the employers is to destroy the unions. It is true that union members must submit to the dictation of their unions; but if they do not surrender their freedom to the union, to their own advantage, they will inevitably surrender it to their employer, to his advantage. Trade unionism means the organized effort of the workers to protect themselves from exploitation by their employers, to win for themselves a greater share in the product of their labours than the individual labourer could hope to get unaided. "The shop is the employer's," says the trade unionist, "He has the absolute right to say who shall work for him and upon what conditions; but if his employees organize and deal with him collectively they can win for themselves, through mutual aid, some measure of control over the conditions of their labour, and their compensation."

As far as the argument goes, this paper is inclined to agree with both sides. We think it is true that labour unions are over-exacting and often merciless when they find it in their power to be so. But we also think that employers of labour are likely to be over-exacting and merciless, with this difference: that theirs is a much greater opportunity to be over-exacting and

merciless than is often open to organized labour. It is rather hypocritical to lay stress upon those evils in organized labour which employers for centuries have taught it by example. The complaint of the railway-operators, for instance, that the labour unions seized the opportunities offered by the war-time wage-agreements to collect thousands of dollars in compensation for work not actually performed, or for work not deserving the amounts of pay exacted, sounds merely ridiculous in face of the systematic robbery of the roads which the operators themselves have carried on for years. After all, it is not unreasonable to ask why the operators should expect their employees to be more honest than themselves.

It is safe to assume that in general no one is in business merely for the fun there is in it. His primary purpose is to get out of his occupation as much profit as he can. This is as true of the labourer as it is of the employer. Each man entering the world of commerce or industry of necessity adapts himself to the conditions he finds there, and tries to use those conditions to his own advantage. Thus, the capitalist, wishing to establish an enterprise under an economic system based on the expropriation of the masses of the people, finds available for his purpose a great amount of cheap labour. Since low labour-costs mean a greater profit on his investment, he does not hesitate to avail himself of this cheap labour, without concerning himself overmuch with the question of justice involved in employing labour at a wage representing less than a fair return on its product. The advantage thus given to the employer by the overcrowding of the labour-market resulting from expropriation is exactly the same whether he does or does not directly represent privilege; in this respect he is its beneficiary. He profits by an economic condition which makes it possible for him to dictate the terms upon which his employees shall earn their living.

The labourer, on the other hand, forced by expropriation to earn his living from industrial pursuits, finds his only refuge from the aggressions of the employers in protective organization. If he deals individually with his employer he is constrained to accept his employer's terms, because, save in periods when production is over-stimulated, as in war-time, the labour-market is always crowded with hungry competitors who will accept those terms if he rejects them. But if labour deals with its employer collectively, it can drive a much better bargain, for where one man can be replaced without great trouble or expense, it is a costly matter to replace a large number of employees, especially where they are in the class of skilled workmen. Thus the worker's only hope under the present industrial order is in effective organization; and in a period such as that from 1914-1920, when labour is at a premium, it can make its demands respected. At such times, when labour is in the ascendant, it is conceivable that those employers who themselves pay heavy tribute to privilege in the form of exorbitant rents, and who depend for their profit upon a plentiful supply of cheap labour, may suffer severely; but it should be borne in mind that their suffering is at least as much due to the exactions of privilege as it is due to the exactions of organized labour. However, in a period of industrial depression or even normal production, the employers of labour can always unite to close their shops and crush organized labour through the formation of a labour-surplus, just as they are trying to do at present.

For this reason labour's preoccupation with such comparatively trivial points as wages and hours and

conditions of labour seems the height of absurdity; for until it comes to grasp the underlying reasons for its state of servitude and to concern itself with getting rid of those reasons, it can never hope to accomplish any lasting good through organization. If labour would set itself to see that private monopoly of economic rent were done away with once for all, it could safely leave wages and hours and conditions of labour to take care of themselves; for with land in constant competition with industry for the employment of labour there could be no overcrowding of the labour-market, forcing wages below the level of subsistence. The employers, on their part, could safely let morality wait upon justice in this matter. To be sure, some of the greatest employers of this country are directly representative of privilege; but the many who are not could afford to view with equanimity the emancipation of the millions from industrial slavery, for they would at the same time be themselves emancipated from the exactions of privilege, and they could therefore well afford to allow to labour its natural wage.

SOUTHWARD HO!

THE language of Secretary Hughes's ultimatum to the Republic of Panama makes it now more startlingly clear than it was a week ago that America's promise to maintain the independence of the Isthmian State is worth about as much as a guarantee of the independence of South Carolina. It means independence of everybody except the United States. This and other recent developments in the Caribbean lands along the shore of "*Mare Nostrum*" suggest that in all likelihood the Latin-American problem will return before long to its old position as head-liner on our political stage; and this prospect in turn predisposes us to a mental exercise of more than ordinary interest. By way of preparing ourselves for the performance of this stunt, we shall assume that we are fully and accurately informed as to every change in territorial control which has marked the history of the new world; and we shall assume at the same time that we are entirely ignorant of every word that has been written or spoken in any statement or explanation of the foreign policy of the United States. The latter assumption comes much closer to the truth than the other one, but for purposes of argument there is no harm in postulating the combination of information and ignorance here described. The object of the inquest conducted under these conditions is to discover what the policy of the United States towards Latin America actually is, as expressed in events, rather than in words.

These events do not stand by themselves in a chronicle which opens with the first Fourth of July; they belong rather to a process which began in the age of discovery, the process of European expansion in the New World. In its first phase, this movement was characterized by Latin explorations and conquests and the spread of Latin influence from French Canada to Tierra del Fuego.

Lately it has been the habit of English-speaking historians to contrast the flimsiness of this structure with the earthy solidity of the Dutch and British settlements. If flimsiness implies impermanence of effect, this antithesis amounts to little. It is true that Latin civilization was usually extended by the cultural conversion of the natives rather than by their displacement; but the process was so effective that Latin culture, with no considerable European population for a foundation, has outlasted the political props which

once supported it, and even now dominates more than half the area of the two Americas. It would be difficult indeed to show that England has ever so greatly influenced the life of any native people that they would remain English with the Tommies no longer around to hold them in line. In India a hundred and fifty years ago, the conditions were not altogether unlike those which Cortez and Pizarro found among the Aztecs and the Incas; but to-day Mexico and Peru are Spanish, while the Indians are more Indian than they ever were in the days before the coming of the English.

The second phase of European activity in America is characterized by the extension of the control of English-speaking people, first over territory inhabited by primitive natives, and then over much more extensive areas already more or less affected by a Latin civilization which has since given evidence of great hardihood, and has produced very remarkable results in some of those regions where it has been left undisturbed. If the history of Quebec and Argentina and Brazil and Chile means anything, it means that Anglo-Saxon expansion retrieved a part of North America, not from a permanent barbarianism, but from a Latin civilization which would surely have come to rich development in the course of time.

The history of this Anglo-Saxon expansion falls naturally into three periods; the first of which includes the pre-Revolutionary extensions of British control in Canada and in the Ohio valley, and the acquisition of Florida and the Louisiana Purchase by the United States, and comes to a climax with the American conquest of northern Mexico and the consummation of the Gadsden Purchase. Throughout this period, conquest and purchase alike were preceded or followed by settlement; and even in those parts of the new Southwest which had already been brought to a tolerably high state of civilization by Spanish *padres* and planters, the Americans built an entirely new society, independently, from the ground up, learning little more from the Latins than an earlier generation of pioneers had learned from the savages of New England. Thus Anglo-Saxon expansion in its second phase was a process of domestic rather than foreign conquest. For a little time the Latin and Anglo-Saxon civilizations existed side by side in the new Western lands, but eventually the former was ground to powder by the economic, political and educational machinery of American life. The arduous task of settling, exploiting and incidentally Americanizing the great West absorbed most of the energy of the country for fifty years. Although no day passed without the further extension of Anglo-Saxondom, and the further narrowing of Latin influence, all this occurred within the new borders of the United States, and the people of the neighbouring countries perhaps believed that the Northern Colossus had at last attained the natural limits of size and ambition.

The Latins who amused themselves with this idea were destined to find it less durable than pleasing. In the decade of the 'nineties, the great Republic caught up with itself, so to speak. The land was still adequate for the support of the population, and the growing demand for industrial labour stimulated an increasing immigration; but much of the profitable pioneering-work of the West had been finished, and enterprising Americans had begun to look around for new sources of raw materials, new markets for manufactures, and new fields for the investment of capital. What was wanted in a vague, uncertain way, was not another California for settlement, but a new India for exploitation.

Just as Latin lands had met the demands of Anglo-Saxondom during the first two phases of its expansion, so now they met the demand in the third phase of this movement. The insular revolution against Spain marked the beginning of this third period of *Drang* and duress, which still provides us with a share of each day's press-dispatches. This new expansion differs from the old in much the same way that the extension of German influence in Turkey differed from the slow eastward advance of Teutonic settlers into Slavic lands. The briefest summary of events in the Caribbean area during the last quarter of a century will perhaps serve to indicate what direction our own course of empire has now taken.

The Spanish-American war left the United States with a title to Porto Rico, and a protectorate over Cuba which General Crowder is to-day maintaining in full vigour. Panama was made a protectorate by means more peaceful, but no less questionable, and is just now in receipt of a thundering ultimatum from the supreme power at Washington. Haiti has been in full possession of American marines since 1915, and is now misgoverned by a conglomerate of military officers, impotent Haitian officeholders, and civil appointees shipped down from Washington. Santo Domingo has been under American martial law since 1916, and naval and marine officers have been serving as President and Cabinet Ministers of the "Republic." In Nicaragua the overthrow of Zelaya was effected with American assistance; a party of marines is now stationed in the capital of the country; New York bankers control the custom-houses; and the Bryan-Chamorro treaty gives the United States the right to occupy certain islands, to establish a naval base, and to construct a canal across the country. The Central American Court of Justice having condemned this agreement as violative of Costa Rican treaty-rights and as a menace to the national existence of Salvador, the United States Government has withdrawn its support from this judicial body. During recent years, American troops have several times invaded Mexico; unquestionably the fall of Carranza was due in part to American meddling with the internal affairs of that republic. The Government of Costa Rica owes its continuance in power largely to American influence as did Cabrera, the dictator of Guatemala, against whose recent overthrow Washington used every preventive measure except the armed intervention so freely employed elsewhere. The Virgin Islands are now ours by right of purchase from Denmark; while a move has recently been made to acquire Taboga from Panama by the simpler measure of seizure.

Such is the nature of some of America's activities in countries to the southward; such are some of the facts best calculated to show what the policy of the United States towards Latin America really is. From the day of discovery down to the moment when these words fall into the hands of the printer, the territorial history of the new world has been essentially the history of Latin expansion against the natives, and Anglo-Saxon expansion against the Latins. If events have any sort of meaning, the policy of the United States is and always has been a policy of aggression, with protection against European meddling as a comparatively unimportant supplement. Of course, official America has never admitted that this is true; but this simply proves that America has been less frank, rather than less selfish, than she might have been.

If Peter the Great had said that Russia must give all her attention to the protection of the Baltic, Black and

North-Asiatic coasts against foreign occupation; and if Russia had then proceeded to annex these coasts herself, just as she has actually done: what would one say was the prime characteristic of Russian foreign policy—protection or aggression? In America the situation is very much what it would have been in Russia, if Peter and all the other Russian expansionists had been either past masters of self-deception, or just plain honest liars.

LETTERS FROM A DISTANCE: IV.

MOGADICIO, January, 1921.

You would imagine, my dear Eusebius, that a town with such a name as Mogadicio would ply a trade in gums and spices, traffic for the court of a Solomon, but you would be wrong. Mogadicio is probably the smallest, meanest, hottest, dustiest capital in the world. It is the capital of Italian Somaliland, of whose existence, until I came here, I was ignorant. But for the British and the French, the Italians would surround Abyssinia, where, one of these days, there will be trouble. The Italians have a grievance. The Treaty of Versailles should have given them Djibouti or, failing Djibouti, Kismayu. But the French have Djibouti, and the British have Kismayu and so the Italians have no seaport in all Somaliland and, dressed up in their gorgeous uniforms, must content themselves with the export of di-dih skins of which ladies' gloves are made. At Mogadicio they land in boats, manned by ten or twelve black men with paddles, who sing as they row: wonderful chanters some of them, solo and chorus.

The sea is no respecter of persons and it is told that once in rough weather the Governor of Italian Somaliland attempted to land at Mogadicio. A stalwart and important native had been ordered to assist this personage ashore. The boat upset, the passengers struggled in the water, the native seized his man, pulled him out, saw that he was not the Governor and threw him back again. Such a joke as that almost justifies European imperialism: indeed I am not at all sure that European imperialism, with the exception of the British variety, is not just a joke, and of two evils it is probably better to exploit the black man on the spot than to ship him off to plantations as we used to do and as the Arabs are said to do to this day. The Arab dhows come down from the Persian Gulf and, without compass or sextant, somehow make this inhospitable coast and return with slaves bought with God knows what pandering to the black man's simple and therefore devouring vices.

The coast people are all of Arabian stock, proud, idle, nomadic, wandering up and down and very little concerned with the interior where the Mad Mullah worries the British in their East Africa and the Italians in their Somaliland. The British, directed no doubt by their own particular Mullah, Mr. Winston Churchill, had raided the brigand with aeroplanes, and the Italians felt bound to follow this noble and expensive example. There arrived then in Mogadicio the most thrilling event in its Italianate history, seven aeroplanes, an aviation officer and his family; two orderlies in foot-high turbans; an Arab boy in a six-inch turban (he had been bought in Eritrea), two dachshunds and two motor-lorries: all to be landed in boats. One of the dachshunds fell into the water and was rescued by a naked savage; the motor-cars were landed in the surf and driven ashore where they were followed along the sands, until they stuck, by hundreds of yelling Somalis; the orderlies stood around to be admired; the officer was taken to the only social centre, the Circolo Italiano, otherwise the club—one billiard table, one bar and millions of flies laying their eggs on the portraits of the King and Queen of Italy—and there it was broken to him that it would be quite impossible to land the aeroplanes. However, even without the aeroplanes, the spectacle was imposing and imperialism must be spectacular, and did not Julius Cæsar, like the aviation officer, have to walk ashore when he arrived in Britain to chastise the

various Mullahs who were demonstrating their dislike of European civilization, then centred in Rome? What has been done once will be done again, and it may be that in a thousand years, civilization will be centred in Mogadicio. After all, who knows what may come out of Abyssinia?

What a patchy, shifting thing civilization is! It is like a disease breaking out here and there as humanity twists and turns in its unceasing attempts to live comfortably on this planet, which is not and never will be a comfortable place to live on. People and animals and flies breed too fast, especially flies. Human beings, ants, bees and wasps form communities to protect themselves against the discomforts of existence, but these communities breed indolence, which leads to corruption and so to disintegration, the tragedy of which is usually disguised by a desperate attack upon another community. There is comfort only in the reflection that civilization is all very well as long as it is not taken seriously. Life is serious, because there is nothing else, but the shifts and devices by which we live are a joke. They are that to poor people and to savages like these merry, song-loving Africans. It is only the rich who hang a pall of solemnity about the world, and would have us all bow our heads before their property. The African head is very tough and for all the knocks it has received it is unbowed: the white man has his way of making money and, more marvellous still, of sticking to it, but your black man retains the courage to be able to walk off at any moment with nothing but a yard or two of cotton cloth or sashing and a club. He will pick up the crumbs from the white man's table, but he will never learn the horrid solemnity with which the white man eats.

A hot, tawny hill, torn by the wind and the rain, a few white houses, a large, dusty, brown native village, a lighthouse, a wireless station (in direct communication with Rome), furious jutting rocks and an ever-swelling sea, blue and white: that is Mogadicio. The one large building in the place is the Banca Italiana, which proves that some one in Italy once believed that there really was a place called Somaliland. I suppose there were the usual stories of gold, or wheatlands, or cotton-lands, or perhaps the Italians only went there because the British and the French had settled higher up the coast. The history of these ventures is obscure. People go to such places and then can not raise the money to return and so they stay, as the Dutch stayed in New Amsterdam and the Scots in Virginia, and in course of time something that looks like a settled existence takes shape, and then because it looks like a settled existence the new generations believe that it is so, and they reach a working assumption which is all that mankind anywhere and at any time has to go upon.

It is well worth while to go to Mogadicio if only because there is nothing there: no cinema, no newspaper, a mail once a month. Personally I could be happy anywhere when there were camels and lizards, creatures that tickle my humour most exquisitely, but that is a rare idiosyncrasy, which makes me not at all the right kind of person to go to Mogadicio. Millionaires should go there, editors and journalists, successful novelists, publishers, Wall Street men, all those who find their profit in the fact that they live among millions of simple and, by *force majeure*, industrious human beings. In Mogadicio the central fact of their lives would be removed and they would then have to adjust themselves no longer to New York or Chicago or London but to life. Indeed, and in bringing this letter to an end, my dear Eusebius, I recommend that, as the time comes, as come it will, when it is found necessary to exile the Mad Mullahs from every modern industrial community, Mogadicio, whose advantages I have described, be given most favourable and careful consideration, being eminently suitable for their place of residence.

GILBERT CANNAN.

(Mr. Cannan's fifth letter will appear in the issue of 13 April.)

THE POLITICS OF OIL.

II

LET us now briefly examine the position of the United States as an oil-power. We have control of by far the larger part of the present production, but according to the U. S. Geological Survey, if our present rate of consumption keeps up, our reserves of oil will be exhausted in about eighteen years. Most of the future supply of oil is controlled by the British, through their control over undeveloped oil-resources in different parts of the world, and they are seeking to keep American oil-men out of these controlled areas; first, by prohibiting the ownership and development by aliens of oil-lands within the British Empire; second, by orders-in-council forbidding the transfer of shares in oil-concerns to aliens; and third, by alert and vigorous diplomatic action. In addition to Great Britain nearly all other countries having oil-reserves forbid the purchase or operation of oil-lands without special permission from their respective Governments, with the result that American oil-men are pretty effectively shut out from the opportunity to control foreign oil-fields.

Of course the Standard Oil Company is not submitting tamely to these restrictions. In the face of the Anglo-French Agreement at San Remo, it has recently formed a strong French company in conjunction with the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas, and it is said to have bought a controlling interest in *Le Matin*, one of the most influential of Paris daily newspapers, in order the better to influence French public opinion. Evidently the Standard Oil Company is patriotically determined to secure a share in the profits of developing the oil-lands under French control, and it will doubtless not lack means of persuading the United States Government to bring pressure to bear on the French Government in support of its policy. Thus our Government in return for consenting to continue the funding of the interest on France's debt to the United States, may ask that the Standard Oil's subsidiary French company be nominated by the French Government to receive part of France's rights under the San Remo Agreement. There would be nothing unusual about such a demand: such things are the commonplaces of modern diplomacy.

The United States Government has indeed already rendered valuable aid to American oil-men against the British. Mr. Bainbridge Colby, as Secretary of State, formally protested to the British Government last November against the provisions of the San Remo Agreement concerning Mesopotamia, in a note which is characteristic of the new diplomacy. In its account of this note, the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* said:

Secretary Colby's note was framed in counsel with the oil-interests of the United States and may be regarded as representing the views of that great industry. . . .

There is a distinct threat of American reprisals in the attitude promulgated by Secretary Colby. He emphasizes that the reported resources of Mesopotamia are a potential subject of economic strife.

While it is of course true that the San Remo Agreement is a direct breach of faith on the part of Britain and France in that it violates the League of Nations Covenant to which both countries are parties, a protest on the part of the United States Government is not well-founded, for the United States is not a member of the League, and only those who are parties to an agreement have a good right to object to its breach.

While the United States is demanding freedom for the nationals of all countries to develop the oil-lands of mandated areas, proposals are being made by American oil-men that foreign citizens and corporations should be prohibited from developing oil-lands in the United States. A bill to this effect was introduced in the Senate last summer by Senator Phelan of California, but nothing came of it at that time. With the Republicans in power it is more likely to pass into law when it is re-introduced, especially as its chief effect would be to rivet the monopoly of the Standard Oil more tightly upon us.

Whichever way we look, all signs plainly point to a great diplomatic struggle developing between the United States and Great Britain, each great Power striving by economic and financial pressure to force the smaller countries to grant concessions to their own oil-companies and to withhold them from the oil-companies of the other Power. Indeed the conflict is already well under way—the first shot was fired in 1907 when American intervention compelled the Government of Colombia to withdraw a valuable concession which it was on the eve of granting to a British oil-company. Undoubtedly the coming struggle between the two Anglo-Saxon Governments will take place to the accompaniment of high-sounding phrases of international morality which we shall be better able to interpret when we recall that the reason officially given for our protest to Colombia in 1907 was that the proposed concession to the British company would interfere with the national independence of Colombia. Nor was the moral tone absent from ex-Secretary Colby's communication to the British Government last November. Says the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*:

Although oil is the burden of Secretary Colby's song, he stresses in the final passage of his note that it is higher things that the United States is concerned about. Those range around the unalterable principle that mandates acquired by joint struggle and common victory must be administered for the joint and common good.

An outsider might perhaps be pardoned if he took the view that the high and unalterable principle about which all modern Governments are so much concerned is that when it comes to dividing up the loot of a war to end war, there should be honour among thieves just as in the case of any ordinary robbery.

That well-informed leaders in the business world are confidently expecting a keen conflict between the nations for the control of oil-lands may be gathered from an excellent article by Mr. J. K. Barnes in the August issue of the *World's Work* entitled "The Nations Struggling for Oil." After pointing out the great strength of the Royal Dutch-Shell group, he says:

It [i.e., the Standard Oil] now has larger cash-resources than the Royal Dutch-Shell group and is well prepared for the battle that oil-men say is coming, and which will be a battle with money, not with oil. When it comes, not only will all the Standard Oil Companies be lined up together, but the other large American companies will probably be found fighting alongside of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. For it will be a fight of nations to secure adequate oil-supplies for their future.

Mr. Barnes does not say that these two powerful groups of oil-profiters will secure the support of their respective Governments in their struggle, and that they may even embroil their Governments in war, but all who are in the least degree acquainted with the ways and means of modern diplomacy and the power of

the imperialist urge know that this development is wellnigh inevitable.

The situation is indeed a grave one. All the factors that go to make modern wars are here: conflicting desires for the exploitation of the natural resources—and populations—of backward countries; keen commercial rivalry on land and sea with governmental aid in support of the conflicting commercial interests, accompanied by a hot-paced race in armaments. The first world-war has left both countries, but especially our own, with a super-patriotic sentiment of suspicion and hatred against all foreigners, which is being sedulously kept alive by those who are working for higher tariffs and greater armaments. As the commercial and armament rivalry increases, this suspicion and hatred will be augmented by fear. Then as we all know well enough from our experience of the last few years, a skilful press-campaign in such an atmosphere can easily work the whole nation up into a high pitch of moral passion. Here in plenty are the seeds of war. That they may not come to fruition, there must be an international rationing of all raw materials according to the needs of the peoples, not according to the power of privileged interests.

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS.

ELIE FAURE.

THE way to study French genius is by concrete example—above all, by its expression in art. In the first place, no other people carries art so far into its general activity; in the second place, the things specifically called works of art permit us to see the workings of instinct apart from the confusing factors of use and material. The real explanation of the victory of the Marne is that it was a work of collective art, like a cathedral. This may seem mere stuff and nonsense to the man who accounts for things solely on a basis of weights and distances and horse-power: but his was the academic mind which dominated the German General Staff, and its defeat showed that even in a business so nearly scientific as war there must enter the art-principle, the seizing on elements of which purely intellectual logic will never discover the relations.

In his book, "La Sainte Face," Elie Faure discusses this point at length and with brilliancy. The passage I have in mind will serve the double purpose of making clear the French attitude towards art and the psychology of the artist-philosopher.

Here is the whole of the miracle. France is a people of artists, or rather an artist-people, and this artist-people found before it, while it was flowing to the abyss, a people of savants, or rather a savant-people, which was mounting to the top with a sure stride. What happened was bound to happen, as it always will, at the decisive moments of the world's life, when intuition on one side, and system on the other, measure their strength without too great inequality of arms. System will be beaten because it is old life, decomposed, reconstructed and stylized by reason; whereas intuition is life spurring forth, launching forth, from the heart. Germany took forty years to think out the victory of Charleroi. France took a week to live the victory of the Marne, without thinking of it.

The whole thing is there, I tell you. Only in the artist-soul is the supernatural power that binds the ripe sheaf of sensations, of memories, of sentiments, of acts, into one movement; while the mind of the savant catalogues, tickets, prepares, teaches and demonstrates, and finally reaches a logical conclusion which breaks the mass of iron against a grain of wheat. I know well what Germany was before the war and the energy that animated her, that rising tide of health, of knowledge, of superb indifference to the responsibilities of

strength, that pride, that wealth engendered each day anew and by itself, that mystic realism which intoxicated her, that swarming of a conquering race which seemed destined to overturn history, to make all the wellsprings of the mind turn back in their courses. . . . I know also what France was. She was using her last resources in a somnolent nightmare, in analysing the fibres of her nerves. It seemed to be with her nerves alone and with a weakening hand that she was writing the testament of a mind which had reached the last step of the criticism that turns in a circle; or that with a sickly reaction which showed her fatigue, she was asking from her ancient mythology a narcotic to bring back the sleep that was leaving her. She sweated with fear beside a sack of gold from which she drew, one by one, the pieces that she lent to her neighbours at usurious interest. She no longer had children. Even after the upheaval, she retains these faults. But see—what is the whole mass of treasure acquired by learning and the whole of what is taught and what is known and that whole blackboard covered with formulae, beside a passionate glance at a reflection dancing on a beautiful silent plane? What is all that can be exchanged and that can be felt, beside that little canvas on which the poetic drama of the light and the shadows is written for eternity? What is a machine stuffed with oil and coal, and as powerful as we can make it, without the spark of the mind that is needed to set it in motion? Even science itself, is it not the fruit of the lyric generalizations of a few men of grandiose imagination who have seized on the widely-separated correspondences in the universe, from which the music of mathematics and the poem of biology were born with the power of the myth? Then what is the whole of science beside a single artist?

I know perfectly well that the artist who is a person, dies; and not science, which is a tool. The strength of Germany is that she holds that tool. Her greatness began when industry began; because her laborious virtues, condemned to perish by the art of the Renaissance, found their use in it. There is nothing to be said as to that. She has everything which we have not: practical sense, method, the positivism which triumphs over timidities and remorse, the pitiless will which is necessary to carry things to a finish. She fulfills her mission, which is to bequeath to the world the most complete set of instruments for material conquest which it has ever possessed. We have fulfilled ours. Once more we have said to the world, which does not understand, that the artist even when dead feeds to fullness the love of mankind, that science even while alive, satisfies only its hunger.

It is not often that one finds a writer expressing so much of himself in a single consecutive passage as M. Faure has in the one just quoted. It was worth reproducing at length because from it one can deduce Elie Faure the author of the "History of Art," of "Formes et Forces," of "La Conquête," of "Les Constructeurs" and his other works; one sees Elie Faure the physician, for such he is, (perhaps no one but a man who had himself worked as a scientist would have said "*le poème biologique*"); one sees him as the observer of races whom Mr. Havelock Ellis studied with an interest easy to understand when one thinks of the English philosopher's own researches in human phenomena.

But above all considerations of the content of this passage, I should set the self-revelation of its style. M. Faure lashes briskly at "*la critique circulaire*," but he is safe from the flick of his own whip; for even when writing purely as a critic, his passion for art so elevates him that what he writes is creative. What an evocation of the spirit of the great works as there is in the line "*cette petite toile où le poème dramatique de la lumière et des ténèbres s'écrit pour l'éternité*!" The terrible images of France seeking in mythology a drug to bring back sleep, France sweating with fear beside her sack of gold!—are they not of the type that burn themselves into the mind and become symbols?

The idea makes the form in M. Faure's writing; the style is the direct result of the man's enthusiasm. There are chapters in his books which re-

main as art even when their didactic value has changed. We must see beyond the immediate question of his opinions on Velazquez or Rodin to the record of the growth of a life. His evolution is set before us with frankness; the arts that have meant most to him at different stages being indices of the ideas of life that he has had as he progressed. Always an idea of life is there, for he is no more a specialist in Egyptology than he is in medicine or in political science, although each of these, and other subjects, have claimed from him years of close and original research. One must have seen the numbers of patients waiting outside his office or witnessed his labours at the Ecole Socialiste or the Université Populaire to realize how widely the net of his experience has been spread. One can then see, too, why art is so immediately a thing of life with him, why in his own treatment of life there is always the rhythm and order of art.

Unquestionably the great experience of his life, from the standpoint of laying bare the processes of thought, was the war. It would be going too far in one's admiration for Elie Faure's earlier work to say that he did not need the terrific lessons of the past years; they will bear great fruit, whatever would have been his evolution without them. He had kept his mind open and was ready for new ideas along the lines he had followed. The war came and he saw in it a more concentrated spring of knowledge than those from which he had drawn before. Early in the war, in a letter on the death of a brilliant young painter, Lafitte, he said,

Lafitte was killed in an attack on a German trench, without enthusiasm and without fear. He had not, any more than I, a hatred against Germany, but he had the sentiment that France and we ourselves could find in this formidable contact, sources of new energy, of which our victory of the Marne has shown the existence in a supernatural light.

Since 1918 Elie Faure has published two books, beside the concluding volume of the "History of Art," which was nearly ready when the war broke out. (The first volume of this work in an English translation will appear in America this year.) In "La Roue," a novel, the author studies the changes in the mental vision of a young Frenchman during the great struggle. The past of the race, as expressed in art, and a violent love-affair are the factors in making clear to him the nature of the conflict. He comes to recognize it as a phase of existence akin to that which animates the great sculpture and architecture of Italy, where he is living; he returns to France after the passion which has mingled his life with that of a woman has also taught him the impossibility of standing reproachfully aloof from an action in which all, through or against their will, are partakers.

The nature of war, its effect on the evolution of the races and its relation to their ascent or decadence are studied anew in "La Danse sur le Feu et l'Eau." Here M. Faure's enormous command of the history of events and of the arts, supplies a documentation that supports his theories as no other could. The chapter on "Tragedy, Mother of the Arts" is a compendium of facts, each fitted into its place in a logical analysis of man's achievement. There is no question here of an æsthete who capitalizes human suffering in terms of artistic satisfaction. It is still the man who saw war at its ugliest and knew the agony with which it marked the *sainte face* of mankind. But as that book had but little to say of the incidents of the slaughter,

so in the later work we find nothing about the desolation of the French country-side after the invasion, no lament over the fallen, but a passionate research into the meaning of war as a phenomenon, in its relation to nations, classes and individuals.

In the matter of the social war, for which wars between nations have never been more than a screen or a means, there always occurs the same error that we find as to international wars: the judgments passed are sentimental, and tainted with the pretension to finality. The reality is quite different. . . . All regimes die because those at the top, under the shadow of dead symbols, pursue individual interests; while those below, in the light of nascent symbols, pursue collective interests.

In the lines that follow, too, he shows how the suffering crowd, whatever its character, becomes itself the imperialist when once it has been able to assume command. This book is so closely packed with ideas, however, that partial quotation is unfair to it. I chose the words just cited merely to show the author's power of detachment from the immediate conflict, and his conception of war in general as an incident in the never-ending change in the world.

No one is more alive to the continuity of evolution than Elie Faure. With all his delving into the thought of the past, he has known how to read the lesson that was especially emphasized by the history of the nineteenth century, the fact that ideas change ceaselessly, and sometimes brusquely, so that it is futile to measure the results of a past epoch or even of a past decade by the standards of a later one. He is a French artist, that is to say a revolutionist, for he knows, he who has written pages of surpassing beauty on the Greeks, that art can "block up the brain for twenty centuries, that Phidias is still making victims." He is always ready for a break with forms which no longer fit the spirit; always anxious for new energy in the spirit, to create new forms.

Here is one of the cardinal points in M. Faure's philosophy of art and life. Another, which is perhaps more concrete, is his continued preoccupation with the character and the *apport* of the different races. It is difficult to think of a writer who has summed them up as he has, who has so epitomized their contributions to the mind of the world. Of Germany he says:

I am her debtor for her giving me to contemplate the fairest edifice of sound in all history; the nave of Bach, with its powerful columns, its curves, its ribbing, its continuous volumes; the great choir of Beethoven which rolls a sound of sobs and festivals under its vaults, where Mozart sows the roses of the stained-glass window which is bound and sustained by the stone colonettes which Gluck carves and turns with loving tears; the spire of Wagner which mounts, full of the wind, open to the daylight, sculptured, flowered, heavy with fruits and leaves, and wherein the bell of Schumann calls lovers and peasants to the pouring forth of the soul.

In a later passage of the same book, "La Sainte Face," he says without the least chauvinism, "Germany has what France has not, an aristocracy; France is what Germany is not, an aristocrat."

Elie Faure watches the persistence of racial traits through the centuries and is prompt to see, above the divergences of individuals, the general conforming to type. With this synthesis well in hand through years of practice with it, he is ready for the question that especially interests him—that of the interaction of races upon one another. It recurs, as allusion or as exhaustive study, in a surprising number of passages in his books. Before

the war, in a luminous essay which he characteristically named "Mélodie et Symphonie," which forms part of "La Conquête," he discussed the question from the viewpoint of the coming struggle, which he foresaw and analysed in clear terms.

Melody, in this case, typifies the genius of the South with its clarity, logic and fecundity. Symphony is the genius of the North with its "low sky and its opalescent mist, its heavy earth where worms thrive; a mysterious forest rich in the play of light and shade." In the essay on Cézanne, written a number of years before the war, when the conflict was less discernible to most men, he had spoken of the struggle towards an art in which Æschylus and Shakespeare may recognize each other. Other oppositions or harmonizings to which he recurs are those of Æschylus and Jesus, Phidias and Rembrandt. Aware that in this age of rapid and unintermittent communication, the old isolation of the races can no longer continue, the great need is a balance between the two forces of Europe. "If the harmony is not established, if one of the two carries off the victory, the symphony will stifle life by its overflow of matter; or melody, with a line too tightly strung, will strangle it."

He sees beyond the problem of European thought.

Here is Asia with her energy renewed by the sleep of a thousand years; the sharp style of the Japanese; the enormous force, confused and metaphysical, of the Chinese; the tide of matter intoxicated with itself that India has been pouring into the mind since the origin of time. America brings to the common hearth its violent powers of action; while an indistinct murmur, made up of a wild music, of a literature of exasperation and profundity, of the sound of chains and tears proposes to you, O poor and glorious Europe, through your Russian people, some new religion.

From the first days of the new era in Russia, Elie Faure's words on that country have indicated how ready he was for the change, how deeply he saw into its significance.

But Elie Faure most calls forth our enthusiasm when he writes of modern art and modern life. He has splendid pages on the aged Renoir whom he found at work during the war. The master, whom the most cruel sufferings had not prevented from going on with a work always more joyous, always more profound, was to Elie Faure the one miracle that he could set beside that of the victory of the Marne. He knows that "France of to-day (1912) is the theatre of an intellectual drama wherein the peoples of the Occident recognize their unrest and of which the evolution of painting is the central episode." It is a *contemporaneous* understanding of the problem, such as these words reveal, which makes Elie Faure a great critic: it is the power to be himself an actor in the "intellectual drama" which makes him a great writer.

WALTER PACH.

CURRENCY REFORM IN GERMANY.

It is just one hundred years since England was enabled to revert to the payment of bank-notes in gold, gold payments having been suspended since 1720. The political and economic shocks which England suffered during the Napoleonic Wars had forced her Government to resort to the so-called "Bank Restriction Act." Although the cost of the war with France had amounted to £1,850,000,000 (a colossal sum for those times) and the national debt had risen enormously, and although English exchange had at times depreciated as much as thirty-one per cent, England succeeded in returning to the pure gold standard within the comparatively short period of six

years. It is true, however, that in those days there were some who recommended the introduction of a paper currency instead of a gold standard; but nobody dared to speak out boldly for such a policy except perhaps one or two wild schemers such as Tooke in his work "A History of Prices and of the State of the Circulation from 1793 to 1856." Another plan was propounded, however, which met with more serious consideration. Its author was David Ricardo, the famous English banker and political economist. In his book "Proposals for an Economic and Secure Currency" which appeared in 1816, he recommended the introduction of the so-called "gold-bars currency." According to his scheme, only paper money was to be used for internal circulation in England. Gold was to be reserved for foreign trade and for stabilizing purposes. In 1819, Ricardo stated before a Committee of the House of Commons appointed to consider the resumption of gold payments: "My first preference is to have nothing but a paper circulation," and he characterized the gold then in circulation as "dead stock which would be lost to the country." Bank-notes, he urged, should be payable only against gold bars and not against gold coins.

It is interesting to note that certain plans for currency reform very similar to Ricardo's have lately appeared in Germany; and other recent projects go even beyond Ricardo. Most of these plans antedate the war, though it is true that they have found specially favourable soil in Germany's present distress. The leading proponents of the more recent theories recommend paper currency in one form or another; not because Germany will have difficulty in obtaining within measurable time the gold supplies that are necessary if the gold standard is to be restored, but because they are convinced that paper currency in itself represents a better, that is to say, a more practical, currency system than that based on a metal standard.

In this connexion great importance attaches to Professor Knapp's work which appeared in 1905 entitled: "The State's Theory of Money." Professor Knapp conceives the nature of money to lie not in its metallic substance, as the old theory would have it, but in the decree of the State, which by its laws has the power of creating money. Considered theoretically, paper money, he claims, is just as good as metal money; but he propounds this nominalistic theory as a money-theorist only, not as a money-politician. He does not by any means urge the elimination of the gold standard, he wishes only to enlarge the scope of the money-theory so that a more adequate position may be granted to paper money than is the case under a metallic money-system. Looking to the more distant "future of money," Professor Knapp considers it probable that the internal circulation will be entirely met by notes and not by a metal currency. The constant increase in the means of payment not based on metal, such as checks, bank-notes, transfers, seems to him to prove that gradually the metallic circulation will become superfluous. Professor Knapp, however, limits himself strictly to theoretical considerations, but other political economists have made practical proposals for currency reform with a view to a more or less complete abandonment of the gold standard.

In 1894, Otto Heyn favoured the introduction of a gold-bars currency in his book "Paper Currency with a Gold Reserve for Foreign Trade." During and since the war, Heyn has published a number of essays dealing with currency reform. In his latest publication entitled "Bases of Value and Interpretation of Paper Money," he proposes the following details for this gold-bars currency. As gold would be reserved for foreign trade only, paper currency would be used for internal purposes to the amount of the gold currency that circulated formerly. After this, no further issue of paper money would take place. The payment of further money-tokens would be made only by means of credits with banks of issue or banks of credit. By these means, the fixation of the State's moneys would be achieved. But the question

arises, how can the cover of these bank-notes and transfers be fixed? This is to be purely a banking transaction without a partial cover by gold, as was the case formerly with bank-notes; it would, therefore, in the main be one of bills.

Similar ideas were expressed by the late Hamburg banker, Bendixen, who, as an admirer and follower of Professor Knapp, tried to develop the State theory of money in the direction of an economic and currency reform. Bendixen goes even farther in his practical proposals than Heyn. While Heyn adheres to the gold standard for foreign trade, Bendixen wants to abolish the gold standard altogether and to revert to pure paper currency. Bendixen considers the bank-note cover by trade acceptances to be the "classical money." This money, in his opinion, is to be preferred to gold money because it is not subject to change of value and therefore does not influence prices, so that in case of a change in prices, the reason can be found only in the value of goods and not in the value of money. These notes to be issued by the Reichsbank would be covered only by bills and would take care, in the main, of the entire internal circulation and would render all the needed monetary services. Any additional means of payment which do not represent the changing note-circulation covered by trade acceptances, but represent the constant need of "big money," are to be created by the Reichsbank also but in a fixed proportion to the size of the population. Gold is to be dispensed with, not only for internal circulation, but also for foreign trade. Bendixen, therefore, considers a gold-bars currency to be superfluous. The regulation of the exchange could be taken care of by a supply of bills and of foreign stocks. The question whether, in addition, a smaller supply of gold would have to be kept in readiness could be safely left to experience, and so the fixation of an absolute or relative proportion of a gold reserve could be dispensed with.

Liefman in his work "Money and Gold," also favours the dethronement of gold. According to his theory, money is only an "abstract unity of accounting," and the more money-accounting progresses, he claims, the more will the State's material means of paper be relegated to the background when compared with the abstract unity of accounting. This natural development would guide the State in its currency policy, which would renounce the entirely superfluous use of metallic money. The use of paper money controlled by the State would perform all the monetary services much better than would a gold currency. The State's paper currency would be covered by certain raw materials. Goods could be used as cover which are relevant also to the State's management of supplies, such as grain, copper, cotton, wool, nickel, platinum, etc. Liefman, too, considers bills and international stocks to be sufficient cover for foreign payments.

Several other publications have been added to the above. Of these I will mention only two: Elster's "The Soul of Money," and Singer's "Money as Token"; the others need not be discussed here.

Doubtless a certain advance in the ideas of the anti-metallic group exists in theory. They have been formulated by certain practical men, but in spite of this, the prevailing opinion has not been shaken, that the pure gold standard is the most secure basis of currency for a capitalistic system of national economy, and is a necessary condition for a good functioning of international commercial relations. The anti-metallic ideas mentioned above have not gained in influence in economic and political circles, and the conviction still exists that as England and America intend to abide by the gold standard, Germany, if she wants to win back her position in the international money- and credit-market, must strive for a restoration of the gold standard. It is quite another question, however, whether Germany will not be forced, by the desperate condition of her finance and exchange, to accept, in part at least, the plans of the reformers.

To those countries who have striven to emerge from a depreciated currency and to get back to settled monetary

conditions, history shows two diametrically opposite roads. The road which England chose after the Napoleonic Wars, France after the Franco-German War, and the United States after the Civil War, was to strive energetically for the restoration of the old parity and for the payment in gold of their notes. This road, however, seems to be entirely out of the question for Germany within the next few years.

The second road is that of open State bankruptcy, that is, of repudiation of paper money and State debts, as France did in the great Revolution. In addition to declaring null and void the so-called *assignats*, the Directory, after the *coup d'état* of Fructidor, decreed the stoppage of payments of interest on two-thirds of the Government debt. But Germany will not go along this road either, as she will shun any measure which would mean an entire collapse of her credit.

There is, however, a third road which Germany, whether she likes it or not, will, no doubt, have to choose within a measurable time: as soon as the conditions of balance of payments and trade will permit, she will revert to the gold-bar currency, that is, she will regulate present conditions by law. But the supply of gold would not only be used to stabilize foreign exchange, but would have to be brought into a forced relation to the issue of notes in order to stop the continuous increase of paper money and consequent inflation. A devaluation must necessarily be coupled with this operation which will lead to the restoration of the German currency to health. This will mean a writing down of the nominal value of the depreciated currency to whatever its quotation may be at the time; but the history of devaluation, and the experience which Russia and Austria have had, teach the lesson that devaluation will be entirely without effect if such cover is limited to the reduction of the amount of paper money; that is, to put new paper money with a higher nominal value in place of the depreciated paper money now in existence. For if the depreciated paper money is replaced by paper nominally higher in value, there is no doubt that within a short time the old evils of inflation will make their appearance again. Austria had this experience, when in 1811 Austrian paper gulden were reduced to twenty kreuzer, one-fifth of their value. It was supposed at that time that if paper money was thus reduced in value to one-fifth, an amount of paper money fixed at a fifth part of such paper money would maintain its value, but it soon became evident that this was a great error. The so-called Viennese currency soon began to depreciate. Any devaluation has a chance of success only if the depreciated paper money can be replaced by metal money or by paper covered by metal. The Austrian and Russian monetary conditions became healthy only when the gold standard was added to the devaluation.

KARL DIEHL.

(Rector of the University of Freiburg.)

THE THEATRE.

MISS CREWS PASSES BY.

NEW YORK has cause to be grateful to the Theatre Guild for more than one interesting production, and productions, too, of plays which would not otherwise have seen the light that beats upon Broadway. But after a long spell of being ardently artistic and unconventional, the young folk who are the Guild evidently felt that human need for a holiday, an orgy. So they have broken out into conventionality, much as one who had been long pent in Chautauqua might go on a spree. The Guild's spree, which follows Mr. Shaw's "Heartbreak House," is called "Mr. Pim Passes By," and the author is Mr. A. A. Milne (the famous A. A. M. of *Punch*).

A most pleasing person, this Mr. Milne; a frequenter of pleasant English country houses, one gathers, with a flare of sympathy for new ideas and a steady glow of understanding for the elder folk who cling to old ideas.

but himself not really too greatly troubled by any idea except that of being bright and entertaining and good-natured. A peculiarly British humorist he is, too, his wit rather feathery than flamelike, who probably feels more comfortably at his ease reading Lamb than Mr. Shaw, and prefers a bit of sly nonsense to a paradox, any day. Dramatically he seems a disciple of Mr. Haddon Chambers. We speak of parlour melodrama; why not parlour light comedy to describe this peculiar type of play, which may have been something Heartbreak House enjoyed, and which certainly was something enjoyable? Over here, in the dear, dead days before the war, Mr. John Drew was its prophet—or its priest.

But are we so changed, after all? It did not appear so at the Garrick Theatre the other night. This amiable echo from the days when the British country-gentlemanly Philistine was strong for law and order, and his pretty, clever wife manœuvred him by indirect influence into the paths of mild moral progress, was quite evidently enjoyed by all present. The actress who was the pretty, clever wife had much to do with the enjoyment, but not everything. Truth to tell, the public was entirely willing to go on a spree with the Guild.

For the interpreter of Jane Clegg, the Guild made a wise choice last year of Miss Margaret Wycherly. For the interpreter of Olivia Marden in "Mr. Pim Passes By" they have made the no less happy choice of Miss Laura Hope Crews. It is rather a strange thing that an actress so artfully artless, so easy and sure in method, so intelligent in her grasp of character and of the tone of a play, and withal so blithe and vital and cheering in personality, as Miss Crews, should have so infrequently received her due meed of praise from the public—though from her fellow-actors she has long had unstinted admiration. The same thing was true of the late Mr. Frank Worthing, and perhaps for the same reason. Miss Crews, like Mr. Worthing, has a profound respect for her author, for the prime duty of impersonation, and like him also, the ability to set the key for the other players and steer the story along. So, instead of attracting attention to herself and her pretty ways, Miss Crews attracts it to the character of the play, and is herself ignored. A strange—yet perhaps not strange!—reward for artistic devotion. Once when Miss Crews was acting with Mr. Cyril Maude, and taking the part of a wife who couldn't see a joke, I heard a woman in the audience remark, "That's funny. I met her once and she seemed so bright!" The judicious will know that criticism can say no more.

In the new play Miss Crews is a pragmatist. The opportunistic applications of "a woman's influence" upon her mate (who, alas, is played quite without the requisite redeeming charm, by Mr. Dudley Digges), are made with such implications to the audience of the wife's underlying thoughts and emotions, such deft, delightful strokes of wit and whimsey, such eiderdown ease of execution, and withal she carries so tirelessly on her shoulders, without bustle, without even rising from her chair, the burden of the drama that those who know something about the art of acting—a by no means too numerous assemblage—sit back with profound sighs or chuckles of satisfaction and enjoy that delicious and all too rare sensation of beholding something done with confidence and perfection in this imperfect world. We recommend "Mr. Pim Passes By" to all who are willing to drift back into the mellowness of the English light comedy of our untroubled days, and to all who wish to see American acting, in the performance of Miss Crews, at its best estate.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

THE PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS.

IN spite of many shortcomings, technical and otherwise, Mrs. Evelyn Scott's "Love," which the Provincetown Players are offering as their fourth bill of the present season, would be adjudged a remarkable work if coming from a playwright of large experience. As the dramatic

firstling of a young writer, it is startling in its promise, and its production in the little playhouse on MacDougal Street is yet another illustration of the service rendered the American stage by the little group of fearless and disinterested workers headed by Mr. George Cram Cook.

There is more sincerity and courage in the three acts of "Love" than can be distilled out of any one of a dozen plays now running in the commercial theatres along the Great White Way and its flaring cross-streets. But above all, it is its modernity that stirs and stings the beholder even when he feels most keenly its lack of æsthetic moderation. The purity and unselfishness of mother-love has been questioned often enough before now. The Greeks, as usual, did enough of such questioning to furnish our latter-day sceptics with an excuse for proclaiming the absence of anything new under the sun. But to question is not enough in these days, least of all on the stage. The multiplication of little red schoolhouses as well as of their more pretentious urban offspring has brought forth a new generation which demands neatly diagrammed answers to its most reckless inquiries. In the case of the mother, no diagrams seemed to be obtainable until a few years ago when a certain Viennese doctor explored the fantastic world of dreams for a rational explanation of what the Greeks had accepted as a riddle dropped from the lips of the immortals for the confusion of man's too great aspirations.

As produced by the Provincetown Players, the drama is meant to turn about the figure of Carroll Lamont, whom an unkind fate has lured into the Mayfield household as the second wife of Mrs. Mayfield's only son Claude and as the stepmother of the young man who remains as a constant reminder of Claude's first marriage. But no amount of good acting on the part of the rest can remove the mother from the centre of the stage, and but for her conspicuous position in the full glare of the merciless light borrowed from Freud and his disciples, the play would not be what it is. "The insane jealousy" which her own son openly ascribes to his mother had ruined the previous marriage almost at the start. We see it at work on the destruction of the new union, and the word most frequently heard from the lips that drop the poison which finally drives Claude to a self-sought death is "love."

Of the performance there is not much to be said. Miss Ida Rauh has undertaken an impossible task, and the handicap proves too heavy for a gift so largely based on temperament. Strange as it may sound, the part of the mother should be played in a vein of comedy, only thus could the character be made sufficiently convincing to make us forgive the husband for having brought a young wife into such a trap. But Miss Virginia Chauvenet stalks tragically in and out, pouring acid into lines that in themselves have bitterness enough to carry their lesson through the most casual utterance. Mr. William Rainey alone, as the son, is in the right key, trying heroically, but vainly, to keep the action in that atmosphere of conventional unconcern for which most of us strive even when fate's knocking already is heard at the door.

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN.

MISCELLANY.

"THE natural history of toleration," says Mr. John Morley solemnly in his life of Oliver Cromwell, "is one of the most complex of all topics." If we ignore the fact that the natural history of *anything*, from marbles to the Athanasian creed, is likewise complex, Mr. Morley's observation is useful. It reminds us that toleration is not to be assumed as part of the easy ascending spiral of human progress. Indeed, ideal toleration is a flying goal which few men have ever achieved.

As some one has said—I have never been able to trace the comment—a liberal is "one who would never run the risk of imposing silence upon the deceivers of mankind." But how many men are capable of allowing the "deceivers of mankind" full play for their energies? Very few.

John Milton, pleading magnificently in the "Areopagitica" for "free speech" and "free press," was careful to point out that these great boons were not for the Catholics. Montesquieu, Rousseau and Voltaire—heretics all—were agreed that the religions of their day should be tolerated, *but*, there should be no new religions allowed, and no atheism! Rousseau indeed thought that atheists should be banished from the country; Malby, another "liberal" of that day, actually proposed life imprisonment for the scoundrels who acknowledged no God. William Penn, one of the most tolerant men of the seventeenth century, hospitable to all religions, nevertheless stipulated that only Christians could vote or hold office in his New World commonwealth. Tom Paine believed in democracy but it was to be founded on suffrage for men only, Charles Bradlaugh, the free thinker, expelled Prince Kropotkin and his printing press from the building occupied by the English secularists.

BUT these examples—they might be multiplied indefinitely—are innocuous enough; they are merely examples of men who were tolerant up to a certain point, men who drew the line. Much more grievous is the spectacle of the ex-liberals, the men who championed freedom with the "outs" and practised tyranny with the "ins." Those three old men who drew up the Treaty of Versailles with its unexampled coercion of the peoples of both sides are striking examples of that type. Mr. Lloyd George, as everybody knows, stood out against the Boer War at a time when even Mr. Bernard Shaw and the Fabian socialists preferred to drift with the majority. To-day as the British Premier he is as busy stamping out political and economic heresies as even a Canning could be. Mr. Woodrow Wilson who could not bring himself to pardon 'Gene Debs is the author of a book quoted all over the world wherever the peoples are fighting against the State; and the "Tiger"—who is he but the same Clemenceau who in 1900 joined with Zola, Grave and others in establishing a sort of National Civil Liberties Bureau for France, with the avowed object of exposing "every despotic act of the State, to aid morally and materially the victims and their families and to assist those who, owing to their opinions, are refugees from their land."

THESE men touched power and were corrupted. But I do not see anything to be surprised at in all this. The "good" man is as incapable as the bad of using generously the power he may possess over his fellows. Nietzsche talked a good deal of nonsense in his time, but he was right when he refused to be impressed by the new, shining national States of the Western world, when he balked at their pretensions. "The State? what is it? . . . State is the name of the coldest of all cold monsters . . . whatever it says it tells a lie and whatever it has, it has stolen. . . . Where the slow suicide of all is called life, there is the State. . . . Only where the State ends, man begins."

I SOMETIMES notice among our so-called "liberal intellectuals" a disposition to sit back and wait for the British Labour party to usher in the millennium—though in truth this disposition seems to be somewhat on the wane in these latter days. I have not been inattentive to the careers and characters of the Labour Members of Parliament and with two or three notable exceptions most of these gentlemen look uncommonly like a collection of stuffed shirts. They are elected, it is true, after much proletarian excitement, with much sweat and torchlight, with many British "hear! hears!" and hearty "good old Thomas" and "good old Clynes." But when that is all over, these roaring lions of the hustings are led to the historic bar of the House of Commons and there they take a solemn oath; this is how it runs—this is what these "revolutionists," these British "bolsheviks," solemnly swear to do:

I, John Smith, do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to His Majesty King George, and will defend him to the utmost of my power against all conspiracies, and attempts whatever, which shall be made against his person,

crown and dignity; and I will do my utmost endeavour to disclose and make known to His Majesty, his heirs and successors, all treasons and traitorous conspiracies which may be formed against him or them; and I do faithfully promise to maintain, support and defend, to the utmost of my power, the succession of the crown; which succession, by an Act entitled 'An Act for the further limitation of the Crown, and better securing of the Rights and Liberties of the Subject,' is and stands limited to the Princess Sophia Electress of Hanover, and the heirs of her body, being Protestants; hereby utterly renouncing and abjuring any obedience or allegiance unto any other person claiming or pretending a right to the crown of this realm. And I do declare that no foreign prince, person, prelate, State or potentate hath or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm. And I make this declaration upon the true faith of a Christian, so help me God.

THERE are of course slight and appropriate variations for Jews, Quakers, Roman Catholics and free thinkers, but never does it say anything about the welfare of the English people or the promises made upon the hustings. Not that it matters very much; it is merely interesting as showing how promptly starts that process of letting the revolutionary steam out of the newly captured and still panting M. P. But the English like to have things their own way, God bless them, and I can very well understand their preferring King George to King Warren with right of succession being limited to Republicans or Democrats. Only we ought not to spawn innumerable magazine articles on "The British Revolution," pretending to believe that it will come in the French or the Russian, or even the hard-boiled American way. It won't. That lonely English individualist was right who said: "If the pearly gates swung open and the English people were invited to enter Heaven, they would balk until the arrangements had been perfected, to their notion, by amending the 'Householders' Ejectment Act' of 1867 and by the consolidation and revision of the 'Crown Lands Leasing Act' of 1875 with the 'Married Woman's Property Act' of 1843. It is not so much that they mind the new wine—but they can't bear to give up the old bottles."

JOURNEYMAN.

MUSIC.

HARMONIC DEVELOPMENT IN MUSIC

This is the first of a series of three papers on the history of harmonic development in music. They are quite technical, but inasmuch as they propound a scientific theory or rationale of what is loosely called modernist music, they should interest the cultivated music-hearer quite as much as the professional musician. This theory, in brief, is that harmonic progress is due to a continued acceptance by the human ear of new combinations of tones. Possibly this theory will not "wash," and we do not by any means guarantee it. Messrs. Cowell and Duffus, however, have made out a strong case for it; and even if their case were not half as strong as it is, their papers would still be well-worth publishing, because no writer, as far as we know (and being only amateurs we speak under correction) has hitherto given any consecutive account of harmonic development. The extreme simplicity of the principle which Messrs. Cowell and Duffus propound as underlying the growth of harmony makes their theory attractive. Perhaps, in all, they have said enough to suggest some sort of scientific justification for the explorations which our contemporary musical pioneers are making in new fields of harmony, or at least to clear those strivings from the stigma of mere levity and anarchic license.

I

MUCH of the more advanced contemporary music appears to fill the amateur listener with bewilderment and the conservative musician with rage. This is, perhaps, the inevitable result of a confusion between what is orderly but radical progress on the one hand, and mere anarchy on the other. In their first appearance these may resemble each other, and as there is so much of the one in an age which is also characterized by the other, the mistake is natural enough. The art of music, like the other arts, progresses by revolutions which break down

barriers as well as by rebellions which are protests, not so much against authority as against the very limitations of life, of art, and of human psychology. There is a nihilism in music as well as a cacophony in politics.

Obviously, the new music must succeed or fail in the end according as it is psychologically correct or false. If it has not some structure or coherence which will eventually be perceived by the listener it can not give artistic satisfaction. The perception of structure need not, of course, be conscious. With the majority of those who take pleasure in hearing music it probably is not conscious. Nevertheless, it can be predicted that if there does not exist a balance of parts, and even an ascertainable and orderly series of mathematical ratios in the harmony, the music will not be accepted. But this rule must be supplemented by a more definite standard if the relation of contemporary music to what has gone before and to what will probably follow is to be intelligently studied. This relation is to be found, as far as harmonic development is concerned, in the overtones, or partials, of any single tone.

All students of elementary physics are aware that if a taut string is struck or plucked not only will it vibrate as a whole along its entire free length, but each half will begin to vibrate at exactly twice the speed of the whole string, each third at thrice the speed, each fourth at four times the speed, and so on, as far as we know, indefinitely. A vibrating string thus causes an indefinite series of subsidiary vibrations. On a piano-string these vibrations will yield successive musical tones—the overtones, or partials—which will be heard, when a key is struck and held, in a series of which each new member is fainter than its predecessor, passing beyond the ordinary range of the human ear after fifteen overtones have been heard. Unless one's ear is very acute and very well trained one will not be able to recognize nearly all of these fifteen overtones. The average person hears only three or four. The piano is suggested here only because it is a convenient illustration; the overtones exist, needless to say, in the tones of any musical instrument.

The pitch, which on the piano is indicated by the position of the key played, takes its character from the rapidity with which the whole string vibrates. If a certain number of vibrations a second gives the tone called, on the piano, middle C, twice as many vibrations a second will give the C above middle C. Hence each half of the vibrating string, which vibrates twice as rapidly as the whole string, will produce this upper tone. In the same way, as experiment has shown, each third of the string, vibrating at three times the rate of middle C, will give the next G, five notes above the octave of C, or the musical interval called a fifth, each fourth of the string, vibrating at four times the rate of middle C, will give the next higher C, four notes above the G, or the musical interval called a fourth; each fifth of the string, vibrating at five times the speed of middle C, will produce the next higher E, three notes above the last C, the musical interval of a major third, and so on to the fifteenth overtone, the interval growing progressively smaller. For convenience the whole tone is generally spoken of as the first partial, the octave as the second partial, the G above the octave as the third partial, the C above this G as the fourth partial, and the E above this C as the fifth partial. If the term overtone is used the octave is obviously the first overtone, and

so on; but as the octave, mathematically considered, is the second in a series, it is less confusing to use the other terminology. The partials or overtones grow progressively fainter because of the increasing rapidity of the vibrations and the smaller portion of the string in which they originate. These tones are all contained in the single tone, as played upon the piano (or sounded with the voice or with any musical instrument), and, indeed, give what we call the single tone much of its character. When the overtones are partially suppressed, as on a tuning fork, the single tone becomes thin and colourless. The second partial, the octave or eighth, being nearest in rate of vibration and in volume to the original tone, is the most easily distinguished. For this reason, as will be seen, the use of the interval of the octave was the first step in harmony.

If these familiar facts are borne in mind, the reasons for every step in the progress of harmony are, in fact, obvious. Harmony, which is one of the distinguishing features of Occidental music as opposed to that of the Orient, has been evolved by taking the overtones, one at a time, out of their semi-obscurity, their echoing and mysterious sea-caves of sound, and uttering them with the voice or with an instrument simultaneously with the tone or tones with which they are related. The entire harmonic development of music can be summed up as the orderly, though not conscious, employment of one overtone after another until, at the present time, the sixteenth partial is beginning to come into use. What has appeared to be the more or less temperamental growth of an art can be accurately described in terms of the unfolding of an exact mathematical science. New harmonic combinations have been accepted as the ear has been trained to perceive more complex mathematical ratios. As the next partial beyond the sixteenth represents an interval of less than half a tone beyond the sixteenth, or less than the shortest interval in our present scale, further progress in this direction is impossible until the scale has been amplified. The present is, therefore, an auspicious moment at which to look back over the successive steps by which this stage has been reached. From a glance at harmonic history it may be possible to make certain deductions as to the future of music, not only harmonically but along other lines.

The first recognizable ancestor of modern Occidental music is the music of Greece, which could boast of at least sixteen scales (a mere nothing, however, compared with the more than five hundred of the musicians of India), but which had no harmony. Both male and female voices, in choral performances, were therefore obliged to sing in unison. The octave, which is so natural to modern ears as often not to be recognized as distinct from the fundamental note, was considered a barbarism, and a singer who sang an octave away from the main body of the chorus committed an offence as reprehensible as that of the member of the modern village choir who sharps or flats. The effect must have been to develop the middle voice—in mixed choirs the tenors and contraltos—at the expense of the higher and the lower. One musical bolshevist, Aristoxenus, the first of the long series of rash innovators, did indeed happen upon the octave at a late date in Grecian musical history, and the first great musical controversy seems to have arisen. But Aristoxenus did not prevail against the safe and sane musicians of his day, although he had the

curious revenge of persuading later generations, for a time, that the Greeks had generally used his interval.

Rome, which took over so much of the Greek culture, failed to capture the evanescent fragrance of Greek music; and Roman music, as far as can be ascertained, consisted of simple folk-melodies, developed without harmonization. For the next step in harmony we must wait until the mediæval Church begins to feel the need of organized music in its unfolding ritual; although some authorities are of the opinion that the folk-music of the preceding period employed several simple intervals from which the church later borrowed for its harmonies. The first distinct record is that of Brother Ambrose (about 400 A. D.), who revised several of the Greek modes or scales, and took over their musical system, adding to it the octave, which evidently seemed to him so natural that he did not realize that the reputable Greek musicians had rejected it as dissonant. The name of Brother Ambrose therefore marks the conquest of the second partial with its simple ratio of one to two, or twice as many vibrations as the single tone from which it was derived. It was now possible to sing two parallel melodies, exactly eight steps apart, or to sing one and play the other on some musical instrument.

The mediæval choir of the period consisted of basses, tenors, and boy-sopranos, accompanied by a species of organ, of from six to ten keys, which had to be played one at a time by punching them with the clenched fist. A successor of Ambrose, thought to have been called Guido d'Arezzo, a monk whose name is in doubt, while experimenting with this Gothic instrument, accidentally pressed two keys at once, was struck by the strangely agreeable nature of the sound produced, and so discovered the use of the interval of the fifth. We may think of him as having struck the C above middle C with the next G; in fact, this and the discoveries that followed may be visualized as a gradual progress from middle C toward the upper, or right-hand, end of the modern piano. This G would have the relation or vibration-ratio to the preceding C of two to three. The third partial and the next simplest ratio was thus brought into use.

The monk's fate was that of other innovators. His jarring chord not only set the critics by the ears, but drew down upon him the wrath of the ecclesiastical establishment. Tradition is that he was executed by order of the Pope as an enemy of man and of God. Fifths were thereupon forbidden, and the pious musicians of the day seem to have gone to their rest untroubled by the new dissonance. But the elimination of the innovator did not eliminate his interval, nor the memory of it which lingered in men's ears, nor the mathematical fact, as unescapable as the simple axiom that twice two equals four, upon which it unconsciously rested. Fifty years later the fifth appears, not only as sanctioned by the Pope of the day, but even as a required feature of all church music. So abundant was the resulting supply of successive fifths that we find them forbidden by later harmonists, not as dissonant but as monotonous and cloying. The ear yearned for yet more complex ratios.

The fifth came to be written five steps below the tenors, but for some reason was given to the boy-sopranos to sing. The latter, unable or unwilling to reach down to this lower level, transposed their song an octave higher. That is to say, they sang four tones above the tenors instead of five tones

below. If we consider the tenors as starting on G, the corresponding note for the boy-sopranos became the next C above G. The vibration-ratio of these two tones is three to four; for every three vibrations of the lower tone there are four of the upper. This was the fourth partial. The next step, mathematically inevitable like those which had preceded, was the introduction of the third, of the interval from C to E. The ratio of C to E is four to five, which forms the fifth partial overtone. This heresy made its appearance in the Vatican itself. It was promulgated by Pope Gregory the Great, despite the protest of the College of Cardinals, who doubted that such a barbaric conflict of tones were a fit thing with which to worship the Almighty. Church music thus came into possession of the whole of the common chord. It was possible to sound at one and the same time the notes C-C-G-C-E, or simply C-G-E, a combination which is sufficiently insipid to the modern ear, but which once was full of wicked thrills.

HENRY COWELL and ROBERT L. DUFFUS.
(To be continued.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

FROM PROFESSOR SANTAYANA.

SIRS: The following passage taken from a letter recently received by me from Professor George Santayana may be of interest to you:

The editors of the *Freeman* say they are radical because at the root of things is the fact that man is a land-animal and has a natural right to the source of his subsistence. This is not radical at all: the notion of 'right' is as derivative, complicated and conventional as that of 'duty.' Man has no more right to possess land than mosquitoes have to possess the air. Nothing has a right to exist. It is an accident (not a benefit) to be born, it is a further accident whether, after one is born, one is able to live on, or finds the environing powers easy or hard to get on with. Not only is the logic of the word 'right' sophistical, but the temper of it is wrong. We exist on sufferance. Wisdom is to enjoy life, not to claim it.

I am, etc.,

H. S.

[MR. SANTAYANA is, on one point, quite right. Man has no natural right to possess land. We have never said that he had. We said that he had a natural right to use land; and we still maintain that he has. There is a school of philosophers to which Matthew Arnold belonged, which denies that man has any natural rights of any kind. Perhaps Mr. Santayana belongs to this school. If so, he is in excellent company, and for all except philosophical reasons we are sorry we can not join him.—EDITORS.]

TRAINING IN LITERARY CRITICISM.

SIRS: May I without rushing into a field for which I have no talent or capability, express my sincere appreciation of Mr. Albert Jay Nock's article in the *Freeman* for 16 March entitled "A Study in Literary Criticism." What moves me to this appreciation, is Mr. Nock's statement of the effect of Mr. Matthew Arnold's inspiration to young students on the subject of translating Homer. Mr. Nock's paragraph on the subject tells in every detail what happened to me, and the several hundred pages of metrical translation which I attempted, and which on subsequent re-examinations gradually dwindled down to perhaps a dozen—after the last excision, I did not dare to look at the collection in later years, for fear lest the whole would disappear—came about in exactly the manner which he has described:

Put any student of Homer through the third degree, and ten to one he will finally break down and confess that after reading Mr. Arnold, he carried off his Homer into some deep nocturnal privacy and then and there did surreptitiously and insidiously produce a couple of hundred lines of literary contraband on Mr. Arnold's specifications, just as a "flyer," as one might say. Mr. Arnold not only tells one what to do, and how, but manages to infect one with a pestering desire to do it; and this is the acme of critical method.

The whole essay seems to me so fundamental and so sound, that ever since reading it I have been chuckling to myself at the thought that some of the things which led us youngsters of thirty years ago to form our critical judgments, were sound enough to last into this age of young Minervists, who leap full armed out of the heads of their paternal Jupiters, with no necessity of knowing anything about the past, and caring less! Wherefore I take heart, and think that genuine learning may survive after all. I am, etc.,

New York City.

A. A. BERLE.

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION.

SIRS: When the lamb was devoured by the lion it said it was gratified by such flattering attentions: at the same time, as it slid down the leonine gullet, it made a baa of protest at being taken for a black sheep. In this mood may I say a word with reference to the opening paragraph in Mr. Albert Jay Nock's exhilarating study in literary criticism, which appeared in the *Freeman* for 16 March?

The point at issue is the little matter about seeing straight. This is something about which a person who has not yet had his intelligence rated and certified by the Sanford-Binet tests must naturally feel a bit techy. The question is whether one was justified, in spite of Mr. Nock's scrupulous avoidance of specific criticism, in inferring that the critic had discovered in the work of the younger novelists certain deficiencies, and that he had called attention to these deficiencies, in a kindly, judicious way, by discussing their presence and absence in other writers—namely, in Gogol, in Mr. William Allen White, and Mr. H. G. Wells. When Mr. Nock points to Gogol's disinterestedness, his love of folks, and his serenity and tells the younger novelists to acquire this temper and attitude it seems to me the conclusion rises automatically that so far it is lacking in their work. If I should say that my friend Jones was a true American gentleman, and should then go on to analyse the practice of English courtesy, and should point out that certain habits of temperateness and reticence were worthy of Jones's emulation, the fact that I had said nothing about Jones's lapses into violence and self-assertion would hardly dull the point of my criticism. All the more would the outsider be moved to this inference if he himself had felt that there were certain unfortunate crudities in the good Jones's manners and deportment. After all is this very astonishing? I am, etc.,

New York City.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

INDIAN INDEPENDENCE FIRST.

SIRS: Mr. Howell's letter in your issue of 9 March is an example of the "liberal" psychology that deceives itself and tries to deceive others into co-ordinating the contradictory conceptions of freedom and empire by using a new word "commonwealth." A real, voluntary federation with equal partnership presupposes separate independent existence of the partners and can not be attained without that previous stage. A true federation without the destruction of the British Empire is an impossibility. Mr. Howell talks of "imperilling the good-will of the Indian people." As if there is any good-will now left to be "imperilled!" All over India the people—excepting of course the flunkies of the Empire, lords, barons, knights, etc.—are bitter against British Rule; whether they are right in their attitude or are ungrateful for the blessings of that rule is irrelevant, and no possible amount of sugar coating with the word "commonwealth" will make them tolerate its continuance.

Why should India desire to maintain the British connexion?—that the major part of her revenue may be spent on the army and only five per cent on education? that her manhood may be used to make slaves of other would-be free peoples, as Great Britain has always done?

The "solid reasons" advanced by Mr. Howell are extremely curious. Nobody dreams that British Imperialists will leave India voluntarily. They will no doubt struggle hard, and in all probability will be forced to relinquish their hold only by a stronger opposing physical force. If this force is strong enough to drive the British army out of India, it is hard to see why it would not be strong enough to defend India against foreign invasion.

No talk of "fiscal" autonomy will reconcile India to British rule while the Government of India remains under British control and the "Indian" army is responsible to the British Army Council (*vide* the Esher Committee's Report). It is not well-paid jobs or titles that India wants. It is the alien Government—with its "complete and deliberately cultivated externality" as Mr. Archer calls it—alien in its motive and spirit, bureaucratic in its methods and machinery, that the Indian Nationalist wants to destroy. Even such a menshevik "respectable" organization as the Indian National Congress has now adopted a definite revolutionary strategy. Friends of England and India will do well to recognize the inevitable separation of the two countries, and to work to effect it as early as possible so as to minimize the bloodshed, misery and hatred of a prolonged struggle. An admirable example in this case is the attitude, not of the official British Labour party, but of the Socialist party of Great Britain and certain other groups. I am, etc.,

Chicago, Illinois.

V. D. GOKHALE.

WHAT HAPPENED AT LOUVAIN.

SIRS: In your issue of 23 February you publish a letter from "R. L. O." debating my casual remark, in a previous issue of the *Freeman*, that the Germans burned the library at Louvain. Your correspondent takes me very severely and somewhat sarcastically to task for repeating baseless charges, which, he says, every enlightened person in the world knows to be false. Your correspondent did not say how they know it, and did not offer any proof in the matter, but simply said so. Nevertheless, I felt uncomfortable, because I have swallowed more than my due share of war-propaganda, and always feel unhappy when I find some of it still remaining in my system.

I do not know whether the letter, as you published it, was complete as you received it; but I judge not, because I have just received a marked copy of a paper called the *European Press*, published in Bremen, Germany, and evidently used for German propaganda in Allied countries. This contains the letter as published by you, with the addition of evidence offered by the correspondent, who claims to have been in Louvain in 1916, and to have made a careful investigation of the charge that the Germans burned the library. I have read this evidence, and, as a result, do not feel quite so unhappy as I did before.

In the first place, it appears that after the Germans had razed Louvain, the Wolff Telegraph Agency, which is the official German press agency, sent out an official dispatch reading, "*Löwen ist dem Erdboden gleich gemacht worden*"; that is to say, "Louvain has been razed to the ground." Your correspondent explains this by calling it, "the stupidity or vainglory of a German general or bombastic official." I do not know about that, of course; but it seems to me to explain somewhat why there should be a "fiction" to the fact that the Germans burned the Louvain Library!

Then your correspondent goes on to explain what actually did happen. Somewhere between one-sixth and one-tenth of Louvain was burned, and this was done according to the customary code of German reprisals. Your correspondent writes: "It is one of the grim rules in all European armies that houses from which civilians fire upon regular troops are to be burned." I have been under the impression that this was the rule in the German armies, but was not the rule in the British or French armies, up to the outbreak of the world-war, though it has since become the rule of the British military police in Ireland.

Anyhow, what happened was that the people of Louvain attacked the Germans. There can be no doubt about *this* military rule—that whenever there is fighting, the other side always began it! In this case the Belgians were very precise about beginning it. They set off a red and a green rocket for a signal. Even untrained in propaganda as I am, I think I recognize the significance of those red and green rockets. Never would it do for civilians in a town to open fire upon troops without warning! Always they would be careful to send up a red and a green rocket, so that the propagandists of the other side, writing letters to magazines in after years, might have a perfect case to point to.

So they killed some ninety Germans, and so the Germans were bound by their laws of war to burn the houses from which the firing had been done. The Germans, being a naïve people, and not aware of the behaviour of fire, of course could not allow for the fact that the fires they kindled might spread to other houses from which no firing had been done. To their dismay, they saw the Louvain library in flames, and they did their best to put it out, but in vain, and the perverse Louvainiers refused to give them any help. Your correspondent does not say what the Louvainiers were doing at the time. We may picture them as so very perverse that they even refused to watch the spectacle of the burning of the library, but were hiding in cellars or under their beds.

Your correspondent concludes by the triumphant assertion that the library building has not been razed; the walls remain, and "the façade is practically intact." This will comfort many Americans, who are familiar with the style of library in which the books don't amount to very much, but the walls are everything.

Such is the story, and I hope that you will not deny your readers an opportunity to have it all; for, as your correspondent concludes:

It is surely desirable in the interests of intellectual honesty and the slow disinterment of truth, that historical facts be given their proper weight and perspective, and that the heresies of our own guides and prophets be exposed whenever these harness themselves to what Sir Thomas Brown called "Vulgar Errors."

I am, etc.,

Pasadena, California.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

BOOKS.

THE BOURBON OF ANTHROPOLOGY.

IN his book on "Our Knowledge of the External World," Mr. Bertrand Russell mentions the traditional unfamiliarity of metaphysicians with exact science, and shows how this unfamiliarity affects their professional philosophizing. Mr. Russell's remarks naturally come to one's mind as one browses in the latest encyclopædia¹ which we owe to the indefatigable pen of Sir James G. Frazer. What a marvellous store of learning lies accumulated in these three stout volumes with their endless array of footnotes! Sir James, it appears, has read the Old Testament in the original Hebrew and can trace Ben Jonson's "Drink to me only with thine eyes" to its recondite Greek model. He seems to have harrowed the ethnographic literature of all languages with a fine-comb in search of apt illustrations. He even quotes Darwin and Huxley and Suess. Yet, withal, there is a strangely musty odour about these tomes; they smell of the Middle Ages, of antiquarian industry, rather than of the spirit of modern research.

The long and the short of it is that Sir James is a scholar, but he is not a thinker. His reading is vast, and where a question requires mere knowledge and the use of elementary logic his equipment suffices, and may even produce eminently satisfactory results. For example, when the perusal of Genesis recalls to him countless primitive cosmogonies, he is quite capable of ranging them in the two fundamental categories of creation-stories and evolutionary stories. Better still, when he is confronted with the current notions about the *jus primæ noctis*, he is able to rectify an inveterate popular fallacy by ample citation of evidence, and to prove conclusively that the privilege in question had nothing whatsoever to do with the feudal lord but related solely to the legal husband's right to dispense with the customary period of continence.

Further, it can not be denied that Sir James is in possession of only a rudimentary critical sense. When one school of extremists argues that all Deluge tales must have sprung from one source, and another is equally positive that they all arose independently, Sir James judiciously declines to accept *in toto* either of the rival theories and insists on judging each case on its merits. He is likewise unmoved by the far-fetched absurdities of German mythologists who interpret tales of a great flood as symbolic representations of astral events. But where the task is of a more complicated character, when the point at issue is a critical revision of accepted concepts, his positive qualities are inadequate. Happy and secure when he can follow the standards of an acknowledged leader—he he Maitland or Morgan or Robertson Smith—he flounders and stumbles when he is thrust guideless into the virgin forest of ethnographic fact or when his beacon lights turn into will-o'-the-wisps.

It is the intricacies of social phenomena that bring Sir James to grief and provide a measure for his intellectual limitations. He might, indeed, have derived some aid from the interpretations of his fellows, but he is curiously eclectic in the choice of theories he deigns to consider. True, he has answered the charge of neglecting recent interpretations in an earlier work: too much engrossed in the study of field reports, he can not spare time for the lucubrations of mere closet anthropologists. Such an attitude, consistently followed, would open vistas of heroic effort. Who does not long for the dauntless innovator who shall turn his back on the phrasemongering of the learned and grapple anew with the chaos of raw fact? But, alas! that is not Sir James's way. For what profits it a man to ignore the teachings of his contemporaries if it is only to fall back on the discredited dogmas of an earlier age? To strike out completely for oneself is one thing; to ignore Professors Boas, Swanton and Goldenweiser while trudging in the footsteps of Lewis H. Morgan is quite another. Sir

James is the Bourbon of primitive sociology, forgetting nothing and learning nothing. New facts, of course, he absorbs and quotes with a copiousness of which only he is capable; but their meaning is predetermined for him by the pigeonholes he has had ready to receive them for twenty years past. The occasional references to novel points of view recall the German saying, *Er hat läuten hören, aber er weiss nicht wo*. Have customs been transmitted from one people to another? Can distinct conditions lead to like effects? Certainly, concedes Sir James, easing his conscience as a scholar and a gentleman by the cordiality of his welcome to the newcomers. It little occurs to him that the strangers are likely to send the edifice he inhabits tumbling about his ears.

No, whether he renders lip-service to the novel ideas or passes them over in dignified silence, Sir James Frazer has changed not a jot since he leapt into fame with "The Golden Bough," and into even greater fame with "Totemism and Exogamy." The hoary generalizations of Howitt and Morgan still supply the warp and woof of his own schemes. There is the old nonsensical assumption that some fine day in the past, Australian elders sat down on their haunches to excogitate a new social organization. There is a re-hash of the venerable fiction of group-marriage as a primitive institution. Once more Australia is paraded as the Mecca of all origin-hunters; as the one spot where given usages may be observed in their earliest forms.

Nothing, however, reveals the essential weakness of Sir James's mental equipment more glaringly than his treatment of primitive modes of designating relatives. The reviewer does not wantonly drag in this difficult topic just to confound an opponent; it is one which Sir James himself can not let alone, and on whose data he bases some of his most important conclusions. Yet in this subject, so vital to his philosophy of society, he has not advanced one inch beyond the point reached in 1871 in Morgan's "Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity"; nay, he has positively retrogressed. Even his craving for new facts seems to desert him in this field of inquiry; apparently it has not occurred to him that large areas in North America were never touched by Morgan, and that half a century of investigation has, in a measure, supplied the gaps. Morgan is to Sir James Frazer the last word on fact and the last word on theory.

This slothful acceptance of Morgan reaches its extreme in a reference to the Eskimo. For reasons of his own, Sir James wishes to prove that the Eskimos have a "classificatory" system. Happily for him, Morgan actually attributes such a terminology to the Eskimos and, accordingly, a reference to Morgan settles the point. In his zeal, however, he omits Morgan's rather significant qualification that the Eskimos lack the most important and fundamental features of the Iroquois system, that they have but two out of the ten essential characteristics. Sir James apparently does not know, what can be learned by a careful critical study of Morgan himself, that the vital issue is the merging of more remote kin with the direct line of descent, and that being without this essential the Eskimo nomenclature resembles our own more than that of the Iroquois. In this whole field, so important for his argumentation, Sir James's innocence is pathetic. It is safe to say that he has never expended a shred of independent thought on kinship systems, which shows that amazing erudition may go hand in hand with amazing shallowness.

Whence, then, Sir James's international fame? Why has he been lauded as the greatest of anthropologists? Why is a man who ranks neither as a field reporter nor as an original thinker cited by philosopher, historian and psychologist? The reasons are various. For one thing, Sir James writes beautiful English, though he is not in any sense a great writer. For that, with his diffuseness, iteration and over-citation, he lacks all sense of the architectonics of composition. No great writer has such a positive terror of the strait and narrow way, none so constantly yields to the enticements of bypaths, retracing

¹ "Folk-Lore in the Old Testament." 3 volumes. Sir James George Frazer. New York: The Macmillan Company.

his steps only to explore some alluring alley. Nor can it be said that Sir James has a literary style in that highest sense in which the word is applied to a Heine or a Carlyle. But beautiful nevertheless is his diction, and his trick at polished metaphor will enthral those who are responsive to the Alexandrine couplet.

But there is a deeper reason for Sir James Frazer's vogue, distinct from his form and rooted in the accidents of intellectual history. Sir James happens to be one of the rear-guards of post-Darwinian rationalism. To some, the biological arguments for evolution meant little, because the subject-matter lay too far beyond their interests. To them, the occurrence of savage rites and beliefs analogous to the mysteries of Christianity came as a shock and a revelation. Of course, there are two ways of looking at such parallels, and in "The Varieties of Religious Experience" there are some useful remarks on the danger of confounding a lowly origin with a low value in the sphere of beliefs. But, though lacking in stringency, the demonstration of, say, a communion ceremony among naked savages who practise witchcraft and eat human flesh loomed as a decisive argument against the higher significance of the rite; and when all allowances are made, the comparison remains illuminating. Thus, an appreciable contingent of Sir James's following is recruited from readers who owe to his earlier work their freedom from theological dogma.

Finally must be adduced the intrinsic attractiveness of the facts compiled in Sir James's books. There is something naturally fascinating about the oddities of primitive custom and folk-thought, and mere browsing in Sir James Frazer's handsome and well-written publications will gratify this legitimate interest.

Indeed, it is on his gathering of raw material that Sir James Frazer's service to science will ultimately be seen to rest, and as a useful, though humble, contribution it may be gratefully accepted. It is true that with all their comprehensiveness his surveys reveal noticeable gaps, especially as to New World data. It is also true that the mode of presentation at times obscures the full ethnographic significance of the material; and that on more abstruse topics, the slovenliness of Sir James's thinking may even lead to positive misrepresentation. Yet when everything is said and done, his industry has been far indeed from being futile. By rummaging some of the darkest archives of anthropological literature, he has brought to light much that would otherwise have remained inaccessible. A student setting out to explore such fields as forms of marriage, kinship-taboos, or laws of inheritance may well ignore Sir James Frazer's interpretations, but he will save time and effort if he takes for his starting-point the references amassed by Sir James's industry. In rearing the structure of scientific thought the mason has his legitimate place, but we must not confound him with the master-builder.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

ORDER AND BRIGHTNESS.

It must have been with malice aforethought that Mr. Francis Hackett chose "The Invisible Censor" as the title essay in a book of collected articles from the *New Republic*. By the censor, he says, "I mean a secret creature of acute solicitude, who feels that social facts must be manicured and pedicured before they are fit to be seen. He constantly revises and blue-pencils the human legend" in the interest of edification.

He aims by no means to give us access to the facts. He aims not at all to let us judge for ourselves. With all his might he strives to relate facts under his supervision to the end that he thinks desirable. The evil of the censor is never illustrated in his rational subordination of impulses, but in those subordinations that violate human and social freedom. And the worst of them are the vague, the subtle subordinations that take away the opportunity of truth.

Here is the secret of the author's rebellion: his resentment at the veils which Mrs. Grundy wraps about beauty

and vitality, reminding one of the prudish draperies painted over the nude and virile figures of "The Last Judgment," his resentment no less at the veils of "archaic, irrational and ritualistic decorum" that interpose good form between us and our real interests as human beings. Sometimes when the veil is heavy and the interest vital, he pulls it away with firm but discriminating deliberation, being careful to make his readers a party to the act, and meticulously giving the censor-devil who put it there his due. His criticism of the accredited attitude towards Germany during the war opens with a direct, instinctive appreciation of the reasons for the fierce self-defensive nationalism that put the stamp of public approval upon such primitive patriotism, and then he shames what is irrational and uncivilized by exposing the deeper passion of Lincoln.

When Mr. Hackett writes of Ireland, he pierces behind the destructive and biting narrowness, the intolerances that our old tribal censor sanctions and applauds, the uncompromising belligerency that hides and falsifies every common interest and renders vain every "solution." He estimates the rebellion of Easter-week not by the accepted criterion of its imprudence and certainty of failure, but by the necessity animating its leaders to refuse an unjust and brutal authority.

It is not in vain, however, that these poets and Gaelic scholars and Republicans have stood blindfolded to be shot by English soldiers. Their verdict on English authority was scarcely in fault. They estimated with just contemptuousness the temper of a ruling-class whose yoke Ireland has long been compelled to endure. Until that yoke is gone from Ireland, by the fulfillment of England's bond, the memory of this rebellion must flourish. It testifies sadly but heroically that there are still Irishmen who can not be sold over the counter, Irishmen who set no ultimate sanction on a dishonest authority, Irishmen who set no ultimate value on their merely mortal lives.

Mr. Hackett, naturally, writes on Ireland with a fervour aroused by no other public question, but his essential poise of spirit survives the test; for although he engages in the mortal conflict, he can estimate the issues with the clarity of an onlooker.

Sometimes he puts by the orthodox attitudes with so deft an art and with so rich and aggressive a sympathy, that his achievement is too infectious to be noted, as when he depicts the feelings of the incapacitated and bullied blind man who was a strike-breaker, or when he searches the reasons why Gorky's "Night Lodging" is not a gloomy play: "It is the people who think too narrowly of poverty and failure who see 'Night Lodging' as depressing. It does not fail in beholding life. It is not poor in sympathy." Now and then the whisking of the veil is almost sheer mischief. When Okura sees Newport in order to view American democracy, his unscrupulous courier plays upon the cunning Oriental *naïveté* with no less suave and innocent a cunning, making the whole a broad mockery of the usual democratic assumption. The article on "Billy Sunday, Salesman" has a brisk impertinence, yet it is never smart at the expense of accuracy. On the contrary, the appraisal checks off both the inner man and his social accomplishment with light finality. The whole case is presented with a quick and fine economy, as druggists do up packages. Throughout the book one is constantly making such gay discoveries as these—delicious peeps behind the curtain upon a scene of sudden order and brightness.

GERTRUDE BESSE KING.

WRITING AS HISTORY AND AS STYLE.

THE history of our alphabet and of other systems of writing historically connected or unconnected with it has been often told. Yet there is room for a new synthesis of the vast array of facts, something, say, that would bring the lay reader into touch with the later finds in the Mediterranean region and with the newer theories based on these finds. Even more welcome than a merely historical survey of the systems of writing as such would be a general review of their development from the stand-

¹ "The Invisible Censor," Francis Hackett. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

point of art. Writing at all times has constituted a plastic as well as a symbolic problem. The conveyance of thought has been only one of its uses; the delineation of pleasing contours, now severe and statuesque, now flowing in graceful meanderings, has always been something more than a by-product. As one passes from ideographic system to system and from alphabet to alphabet perhaps the thing that most forcibly strikes one is that each and every one of them has its individual style. In their earlier stages there is a certain randomness. This is corrected by the obscurely divining, converging hands of thousands of artists, until, at a given moment, the characters stand forth as a unique and unified work of art, as self-contained and as definitely stylized as any architectural tradition. The historian has no difficulty in showing how a certain starting-point gives a slant or drift to the future development of the system, how the particular forms, for instance, of the mediæval black-letter are largely prefigured in the Phœnician alphabet. But he does not so clearly know just how and why the various styles develop, just how it is that the Arabic hand, the Roman type, the Armenian, the Hindu alphabets, all derived as they ultimately are from a single prototype, have so widely diverged, have their individualities so stamped upon them, that the proof of their common genesis is but the coldest of archæological businesses.

Much can be said and has been said of the controlling power of the medium. Stone is different from papyrus and the pen is different from a camel's hair brush. Yet when all this and more is indicated and worked out with laborious detail, we are really no nearer the central question of what psychological forces have hurried the national hand on to that æsthetic balance which is its ultimate style. We are not concerned to solve the baffling problem; we are merely concerned to state its actuality. It is not otherwise with language, with religion, with the forms of social organization. Wherever the human mind has worked collectively and unconsciously, it has striven for and often attained unique form. The important point is that the evolution of form has a drift in one direction, that it seeks poise, and that it rests, relatively speaking, when it has found this poise. It is customary to say that sooner or later a literary or sacerdotal tradition enjoins conservatism, but is it altogether an accident that the injunction is stayed until the style is full-grown? I do not believe in this particular accident. To me it is no mere chance that the Chinese system of writing did not attain its resting-point until it had matured a style, until it had polished off each character, whether simple or compounded of "radical" and "phonetic" elements, into a design that satisfactorily filled its own field and harmonized with its thousands of fellows. A glance at the earlier forms of Chinese writing convinces one that it did not always possess true style, interesting and original as some of the early characters are.

Mr. Mason's "History of the Art of Writing"¹ is a rather unpretentious introduction to this large subject, making no claim to completeness and developing no new ideas. The pictographic and ideographic origin of writing is stressed in the orthodox manner and some idea is also given of the way in which most systems have taken a phonetic turn. The book gives enough fact and illustrations to make a useful summary, but hardly more. Obviously Mr. Mason too much lacks the necessary linguistic and ethnological equipment to have succeeded in giving his book the tone and background we should have liked to have. Far more might have been done in half the space. The "Turanians" stride across these pages as though they were still living in the reign of Max Müller, and many a passage could be quoted that indicates a docile trust in authorities and speculations that were. A little annoying, too, is the author's insistent sentimentalism. He finds it hard to resist the "quaint." Historical anecdotes *en passant*, good Queen Bess's correspondence, and the lines on Shakespeare's

tomb leave the sober narrative sadly waiting by the roadside. One would have gladly exchanged for all this, some account of the interesting Hindu derivatives of the Phœnician alphabet (via the South Arabian forms) and of the Tibetan, Burmese, Siamese, and Cambodian offshoots of these Hindu alphabets. In this way, Mr. Mason would not only have introduced his readers to some of the most fascinating and stylized alphabets that have ever been evolved but would have splendidly reinforced the point that practically all known systems of writing that are in use to-day were born either on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean or in China. Surely it is a matter worth reflection that the same original historical impulse eventually provided a means for the literary expression of two cultures as mutually antagonistic as those of Occidental Europe and of the forbidden highland of Tibet.

EDWARD SAPIR.

THE GREY-EYED SAINT OF IONA.

ST. COLUMBA, or Columcille, as the Irish loved to call him, was born in Donegal in the year 521 and died at Iona in 597. During the seventy-six years of his life he founded innumerable churches and monasteries in Ireland, converted the Picts and Scots to Christianity, influenced in a very material way the Scottish politics of his age, and also, so legend tells us, found time to make no less than three hundred copies of the New Testament with his own hand. It is obvious, therefore, that the Saint was essentially a man of action, and in reading the pages of Miss Menzies's "Saint Columba" we come to feel the energetic sweep of his vigorous personality. Of immense physical strength, with a voice like a bull, we see him advancing through his life of difficulty and hardship—a formidable figure enough! Whether he is contending with his rivals the Druids, or engaging in battle with his enemies, or steering his coracle over the wild wastes of ocean, we come upon the same daring effectiveness.

Running side by side with this aspect of the Saint we find evidence of a certain poetic inspiration which perhaps more than anything else gives a peculiar charm to his life. This inspiration is his love for Ireland. He himself wrote a poem as his little craft of skins and branches was making its way across the sea northward, with the beloved shores of his native land growing more and more indistinct behind him—a poem which to this day carries in its simple lines the thrill of authentic emotion:

How swift is the speed of my coracle;
Its stern towards Derry.
I grieve at my errand o'er the noble sea
Travelling to Alba of the Ravens. . . .
A grey eye looks back to Erin,
A grey eye full of tears.

To us who have become curiously obtuse to the beauty and semi-miraculous glamour of the poetic legends which, under the genius of Catholicism, grew up out of the merest incidents of everyday life, the figure of Saint Columba will perhaps have its strongest appeal precisely because of this passionate nostalgia. But even the toughest-minded will hardly be able to resist the quaint charm of some of the legends recorded about him. Take, for example, that tale which tells of his copying out in secret Finian's treasured manuscript, visiting his church every night and working for many hours while his pet crane stood by him at the side of the lectern, and how, on the last evening, the crane pecked out the eye of the monk who had been sent by the suspicious Finian to pry through a chink in the church door. There is also the story which has to do with the original settlement of the Saint and his monks in Iona. After they had been there some months it appeared to them necessary that the ground of the island should be consecrated. Apparently this object could be effected only by one of their number being buried alive under its turf, an expedient that

¹ "A History of the Art of Writing," William A. Mason. New York: The Macmillan Company.

² "Saint Columba," Lucy Menzies. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

caused Sacheverell, when he visited Iona in 1688, to declare with some truth "that he perceived that even the saints were not always free from whimsies." It was a monk, by name Oran, who, in this particular case, volunteered to sacrifice himself and who was duly buried. Three days later Saint Columba, "out of a feeling of curiosity," caused the body to be exhumed. As soon as the grave was opened the buried monk, to the utter astonishment of all present, started up and began revealing the secrets of the underworld, even going as far as to declare, amongst other things, that "Hell was a mere joke." It is recorded that the venerable Saint, shocked by such impious revelations, instantly, and with more discretion perhaps than charity, gave instructions that the garrulous martyr should be reburied with all possible haste, an impetuous action which is said to have given rise to the old Gaelic proverb, "Earth, earth, on Oran's eye, lest he should say more."

As happens so often in old monastic records, there are several homely touches in these stories of Saint Columba's life which make very delightful reading: the legend, for instance, that his voice would carry as far as to the coast of Scotland when he had cause to rate any of his monks in the Island of Iona, or that his pillow was of stone, or that his daily task was to carry sacks of flour down to the mill, or that his gaunt figure would leave the impression of his ribs upon the sands when he lay down on the sea-shore. Even some of his own personal peculiarities have their interest, as for instance, the fact that he made a habit of carrying a sprig of Saint-John's-wort under his arm-pit. What could be more charming than the frequent allusions to the white pony which was used for carrying the milk-pails from the byre to the refectory and which, on the day of Columcille's death, came and nuzzled against him as though it were aware that it would never again see its master's figure in the familiar meadows?

Cardinal Newman, in one of his works, alludes to "that Irish multitude of saints which the Book of Life alone is large enough to contain." In spite of the fact that Saint Columba's chief work was concerned with the Highlands of Scotland, it is as one of this sanctified band of Irish saints that he takes his place in history. The holy man, in a little poem that is very human in its frankness, once for all makes clear his attitude to that race with which it was his lot to spend the greater part of his life, and which has a strange way of often arousing antipathy and prejudice in the hearts of those who have the good or ill fortune not to belong to it:

Many here the lanky chiefs,
Many diseases here and distempers,
Many here with scanty clouts,
Many the hard and jealous hearts.
I would liefer die in Erin than have life for ever
in Alba.

LLWELYN POWYS.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"UNCLE MOSES," the second novel of Mr. Sholom Asch to be translated into English, is a direct expression of the life and spirit of the East Side. Moses himself, the son of Joseph the barley-grinder in his native Polish town of Kuzmin, is first of all an opportunist. He comes to America and prospers sufficiently to establish a sweat-shop on the Bowery. Group by group he transports the inhabitants of his native village to the New World, promising them fine jobs in his sweat-shop, and it is not long before he has brought all of them to America. Moses, once the despised son of a poor workman, has the scholars, the town-officials, the men and women who once laughed at him, depending for their daily bread upon his generosity. Power destroys his balance; but it is only when he first realizes the beauty of the child Masha that the wheels of his fate begin to turn rapidly. The rest of the book is the story of his spiritual disintegration, a story told with extraordinary skill and force. Mr. Sholom Asch is unquestionably the finest writer of fiction in the Yiddish movement in America; his work indeed deserves to be compared with Russian fiction at its best.

H. S. G.

¹"Uncle Moses." Sholom Asch. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

ENTERTAINING peeps into the kaleidoscope which is London are afforded in two volumes of reminiscent journalism—"Remnants," by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy and "London Days," by Mr. Arthur Warren, the latter an American newspaper correspondent. Both writers have covered a great deal of the same ground, and the coincidence provides a key to their points of view. Mr. MacCarthy, for his part, is inclined to be analytical, and to spin a little social philosophy in with his journalism. Mr. Warren, on the other hand, stays in the groove which has been worn by many pens. His pictures are varied, plentifully sprinkled with anecdote and scraps of conversation, and they follow one another with the rapidity of the assembled films of a news-weekly. Mr. MacCarthy reveals a weakness for the music-hall heroes, and certain of his other appreciations are deft and gallant. Meredith, Gladstone, Whistler, Irving, Butler and Parnell are among the nineteenth-century figures caught in the meshes of his reminiscence.

L. B.

MISS KELLOR, in her "Immigration and the Future," approaches the immigration-problem with an open mind. She does not attempt to lay down hard and fast rules for our future policy. She does contend that our previous attitude towards immigration and immigrants has been consistent only in its planlessness, in its utter lack of intelligent, scientific method. She advocates the establishment of a bureau of immigration-research which should collect the facts and statistics necessary for the formulation of an enlightened policy. In this connexion she calls attention to the fact that the European and South American countries, since the war, are steadily advancing further in the direction of consciously guiding and regulating the flow of immigration. She has some wise words of counsel for militant Americanizers. She declares that the alien's faith in the validity of American democracy has been severely shaken by the constant industrial exploitation which he encounters, and, still more, by the outbursts of cheap chauvinism and race prejudice which characterized the activities of a part of our non-combatant population during the war.

W. H. C.

THE ten stories of Miss Anzia Yezierska's "Hungry Hearts" are in reality all one—the story of a Russian-Jewish immigrant girl's struggle to find freedom, enlightenment and happiness in this new country which promises the newcomer so much and is often so faithless in the fulfilment of its promise. In spite of disappointment and grinding poverty the girl keeps on with her insatiable search, convinced by her "deathless faith that America is, must be, somehow, somewhere." "Woe is me!" she cries, "What for did I come to America? What's my life—nothing but one terrible, never-stopping fight with the grocer and the butcher and the landlord . . ." Nevertheless she bravely struggles on, determined to release the unused gifts of her mind and soul, determined to secure recognition for herself in spite of all obstacles. Perhaps Miss Yezierska has dwelt too heavily on this heart-hunger of her people; surely she has over-emphasized their soul-consciousness. Looking back, she sees what is to her the soul of her people; but the people themselves, in the midst of their poverty and weariness, are not as articulate on the subject of their souls as they are made to appear in these stories. Yet Miss Yezierska makes her people live for us as only one who has come from their midst could do.

D. L. M.

It must be easier to depict heroes than knaves, or Mr. Hewlett's Mainwaring, who never failed to fascinate man or woman in his lifetime, would not have failed so to fascinate us.¹ One Whitworth, a friend of his, tells the story of Mainwaring's career in a brisk, chatty style—shows us how he bluffed the poor, the rich, the Government, the courts of law, his wife and other women, even his God, and how he would have been Prime Minister of England had he been able to bluff also his lung disease. But friend Whitworth fails to convince. Perhaps he was the wrong man to tell the tale. He was of quite another kidney himself, being a quiet, honest, sentimental literary person who believed that the two main ingredients of a successful life are children and work—being, too, one who loved and was loved by Mrs. Mainwaring some time before their love could be deemed perfectly legitimate. Not that that was to be wondered at, because the lady began

¹"Remnants." Desmond MacCarthy. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

²"London Days." Arthur Warren. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

³"Immigration and the Future." Frances Kellor. New York: George H. Doran Company.

⁴"Hungry Hearts." Anzia Yezierska. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

⁵"Mainwaring." Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

life as a domestic servant and elected to serve her husband in the same capacity after he had risen to fame, but the fact may well have obscured the lucidity of his vision. But then even the lady herself, despite her alleged beauty and virtue, is seen by us as in a glass darkly; so that possibly in the final analysis the proper person to blame is Mr. Maurice Hewlett. We can not commend the caprice that led him to forsake mediæval pastures for Victorian drawing-rooms, and we think he has left his laurels behind him without picking up any that are fresh.

C. R. H.

A REVIEWER'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE "Book of Mormon" is never mentioned in histories of our literature; the genteel tradition has quietly brushed it aside, along with the records of Mormonism itself, its rise, its progress, its leaders. Yet the man who composed this solemn parody of the Bible, this Joseph Smith with his impudent cherub's face who walked with an angel and dreamed of a new papacy, is one of the characteristic figures of our history; and Mormonism was as much and as logical a product of New England as any of those other movements of the delirious half-century before the Civil War came and America "got down to business." This universal preoccupation with business has had the effect of imposing a false unity upon our life; it has imparted an air of simplicity and comprehensibility to the American scene, past and present, that is far from according with the facts. We speak of Russians as "queer" and of Africa as the "dark continent," but there is nothing queerer and darker than this continent of ours if one penetrates behind its mask. Our history, if we could ever frankly envisage the whole of it, would appear as a singularly fantastic spectacle. Who remembers that it was the dove-coloured New England itself which produced (and in the same generation with Emerson and Whittier) not only P. T. Barnum, but Joseph Smith and Brigham Young?

THESE black sheep of the house of the Pilgrims grew up, to be sure, in New York State, and it was in the Mississippi Valley that they found their great following; but they were born in Vermont, and it is certain that that strange weed of theirs which came to blossom in the deserts of Utah would never have germinated had it not been for the old Puritan theocracy. Has the coincidence ever been noted, that at this very moment when Boston, when the society of the seaboard, mollified and humanized by prosperity and the contact of Europe, turned its back on the Old Testament and began to flower in the warm, charitable air and sunlight of modernity—that at this very moment the spirit of Cotton Mather and the witch-trials and the old priest-craft and provincial Cromwellism of the seventeenth century came to life again among these back farms of the north country? Nothing could be more striking than the way in which Mormonism gradually adapted itself to its age, ending, with a few lingering traces of its origin, as a commonplace evangelical sect, a commercial trust and a political machine; for it began, truly, as a sort of Puritan Walpurgis night. That age in other countries gave birth to similar extravagances: did not even Paris witness the career of Père Enfantin, the chosen of God, and his quest for the "female Messiah," the same prophet who later proved himself, like Brigham Young, a master of practical affairs? But in a generation of isms that one and all embodied some aspect of the modern spirit, Mormonism was a sheer throw-back. It sprang up as it were out of a pile of old roots in a forgotten corner of the New England cellar, just as the dawn was breaking through the upper windows.

JOSEPH SMITH remains a half-mythical figure. A modern American feels more at home with the characters in a Japanese print than he ever can with those incredible, those prehistoric people who, in 1830, at Palmyra, New York, accepted the revelation of the golden plates and the Reformed Egyptian gospel. One can not quite place men and women of the white race and speaking an Aryan

tongue who persuaded themselves that the original Garden of Eden lay in western Missouri and that the Indians were authentic Biblical Jews, albeit bad ones. The prophet's pictured face has a curiously unreal and apocryphal air; the wars that he waged in the Mississippi bottoms are dimmer than the Wars of the Roses. Once only he swims out into the light, when, having received his revelation on plural marriage and being told that he ought to show it to his wife Emma, he said, after hesitating for a moment, "Hyrum, you take it to her." Even that, however, has the air of a gloss; it scarcely mitigates the obscure grotesquerie of the prophet's legend. Only after the Great Trek begins and Brigham Young has become the priest-king is one really convinced that Mormonism ever happened. Yet Brigham Young himself, substantiated as he is by photographs and documents and recorded interviews, seems in his way almost as improbable as the founder.

THE elements of European life have been so closely, so universally scrutinized that every European character falls into a familiar category. One can easily take a Cecil Rhodes or a Bismarck and reduce him as it were to his chemical components. But who has ever sufficiently studied the American character to give us the key to such a type as Brigham Young? This backwoods Mohammed, this Oom Paul Kruger of the Yankee veldt, this evangelistic magnate with his great bull's head and his tight lips, this preacher of blood-atonement who was also a patron of music and encouraged his daughters to become actresses, this "industrious dancer" evoked by Artemus Ward's reminiscences, who, in his own theatre, sat "in the middle of the parquette in a rocking-chair, and with his hat on," and at the same time preserved among his nineteen wives the gravity of a pious deacon—but one seems to discern in the Lion of the Lord a dozen different personalities belonging to a dozen different centuries, as disparate as the Austrian Empire, held together by nothing but a will-to-power worthy of the original Tyrannosaurus. Here is an individual who deserves to be looked into, and to have his portrait drawn. But which would be the more effective method—Dr. Freud's or Mr. Vachel Lindsay's?

THEY are like great rank weeds, these grotesque figures that the American soil put forth during the nineteenth century. How many of them there were, all as queer as Dick's hatband, as luxuriant as if they had grown in the green jungle!—and what an innocent little thing the American historical tradition, with its Stephen Decatur and all the other good boys, seems beside them! Russia alone among Western nations, Russia with its Rasputins and its Iliodors, can match the reality of this nation of ours in the realm of psychological melodrama. But Mormonism is, above all, profoundly interesting. The virtuous Puritans never foresaw, as one of the results of their creed of repression, this vast orgy of sexual fantasies, this polytheistic faith that conceives it as the chief, if not the only, business of the gods to propagate souls for the bodies begotten on earth. Shall we say that Mormonism is the Puritans' Pandora's box? But that is to give it rather an unpleasant name, and there is at least one celebrated historic personage who has cause to rejoice in it. I mean Adam. It was just at the moment when Charles Darwin made that unkind attack on the reputation of our first ancestor that Brigham Young proclaimed him as the patriarch of all the gods.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to readers of the *Freeman*:

"A Handbook of Indian Art," by E. B. Havell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

"The Family at Gilje," by Jonas Lie. Translated by Samuel Coffin Eastman. New York: The Scandinavian-American Foundation.

"Growth of the Soil," by Knut Hamsun. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

CHEKHOV AND THE VERNAL EQUINOX.

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